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THE

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AN INTERVAL.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY AUGUST BELL.

The roses are blushing this morning
At kiss of the sun,
As down through the alley of lindens
I wander alone.
With a careless "good morn," and gay laughter,
I have left in the lane
The friends who are fit for my pleasure,
But not for my pain.

For I would not have one of them with me
As I pause by this gate,
Where once in the Past that is vanished
We tarried so late.
The waters went rippling that evening
In melody by,—
And the clouds kindly veiled as we stood there,
The eyes in the sky.

There was no one anear us to listen,—
All still was the bird,—
When his voice, the most thrilling, the sweetest
That ever I heard,
Called me—trembling me—his own darling,
His love and his hope,—
Prayed me, worthless me, to fill for him
With nectar Life's cup!

Just here he was standing so proudly,
Just here spoke so sweet,
With these very same lindens above us,
These flowers at our feet.
I loved him, I loved him!—how thrilling
The bliss at my heart,
As I blushed 'neath the first kiss he gave when
We rose to depart!

Oh, this lane seemed a vista of glory,
The world was all new!
The stream never murmured so sweetly,
Nor skies looked so blue!
Ah! beautiful love that art vanished,
Wert thou with me now,
To-day I were happier, better,
Heaven's stamp on my brow.

But the stream, where we once loved to wander,
Flows sweet, past thy grave,
There down on the hillside beyond me,
Where sad willows wave.
And I have grown worldly and heartless,
For what else was left?
I veiled from all eyes my deep sorrow,
When of thee bereft.

But what am I saying and thinking!
How weak am I grown,
After six tearless years that had hardened
My heart like a stone!
Aye! what would those gay ones say to me,
Who near me now wait,
If they saw me weep under these lindens,
At this old crumbling gate!

No more, no more, oh, my angel,
Speak not to my soul,
But let the drear billows of Lethe
Still over me roll!
Now back through the alley of lindens,
And into the lane,
Where await me the friends of my pleasure,
Though not of my pain.

Boston, Mass.

THE EARL'S DAUGHTERS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE RED COURT FARM," "THE ROCK," &c., &c.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1860, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER II.

THE SICK-ROOM.

The arrival of Mrs. Crane at South Wennock took place on a Friday; consequently it was Saturday morning when the child was born. Mrs. Pepperfly chiefly busied herself with the latter, and Judith devoted the day to the sick lady, sitting by her bedside and tending upon her.

"Judith," she suddenly exclaimed, waking up from a doze late in the day, "how is it that you are able to be with me? I thought they said you were in service?"

"Not just now, ma'am; I have been in service, but have left my place, and am stopping with my sister at the next door, while I look out for another."

"Does your sister let lodgings as Mrs. Gould does?" questioned the invalid, who appeared to have forgotten what little Mrs. Gould had said about Judith.

"A lady lives at the next door," was Judith's reply, "and my sister is her servant. Margaret has lived with her going on for eleven years."

"So that, just now, you are at liberty."

"Quite so, ma'am."

"See now how merciful God is!" uttered Mrs. Crane, placing her hands together in an attitude of reverence. "Last night, when I first began to be ill, and thought I should have nobody about me but that timorous Mrs. Gould, I turned sick with perplexity, with fear, I may say, at the prospect of being left alone to her. And then you seemed to be raised up for me, as if it were on purpose, and can be with me without hindrance. None but those who have stood in need of it know the full extent of God's mercy."

A glow, partly of pleasure, partly of shame, came over Judith's face as she listened. In a little corner of her inmost heart there had lurked a doubt whether it was all as straight as it ought to be with the young lady, who had come there in so strange a manner—whether that plain gold ring on her finger had been a genuine wedding-ring, or but a false bauble, placed there to deceive. The above reverential words of trust convinced Judith that the lady, whoever she might be, and whatever might be the mystery, was as honest as she was, and she took shame to herself for doubting her. No girl, living a life of sin, could so speak with unaffected simplicity of the goodness of God. At least, so felt Judith, and she was a woman of strong sense and right feeling.

"I think, Judith, you must have been a great deal accustomed to attend upon the sick."

"Pretty well, ma'am. In my last place, where I lived four years, my mistress's sister was bedridden, and I attended upon her. She was a great sufferer. She died just three weeks ago, and they don't require me any longer; that's why I am changing."

"The mourning you wear is for her?"

"Yes it is, ma'am. Mr. Stephen Gray was her doctor, and never failed to come every day for all the four years, so that I feel quite at home with him—if that's a right expression for a servant to use, when speaking of a gentleman."

"What was the matter with her?"

"It was an inward complaint," said Judith, "causing her distressful pain. They were always trying fresh remedies to abate it, and give her ease, but nothing did much good. I don't think Mr. Stephen ever thought it would, but she would have chosen many. Ah, ma'am! we talk about suffering, and pity it, when people have headache or toothache, or even are laid up for a week or two; but only think what it must be, to lie by for years, and be in acute pain night and day!"

The tears had come into Judith's eyes at the remembrance. Mrs. Crane lay and looked at her. She had a white, sallow complexion, with keen gray eyes, and a large full forehead. Had one, gifted with phrenological lore, examined the head of Judith, he would have found her largely gifted with the faculties of concentration and reticence. Good qualities, when joined to an honest heart.

"In suffering, such as that, Judith, there is but one resource, one consolation; the patience born of trust in God."

"Very true, ma'am; and she had learnt it. I think few can lie in that long protracted suffering without learning it; God pity them, if they do not, for their hearts must be hard. I had used to think, sometimes, that it must exhaust Mr. Stephen Grey's patience to come there so continually; then what must it have been for her?"

"I am glad I had Mr. Stephen Grey, Judith. What a kind man he is in illness! I should not have got through it half so well but for him; he did nothing but cheer me up, from first to last."

"I think that's the great secret with Mr. Stephen, why all his patients like to see him, he is so merry with them. But, ma'am, it may be wrong for you to talk so much."

"Why should it be wrong?" quickly returned Mrs. Crane. "I am as well as I can be. Mr. Stephen Grey said, this afternoon, he wished all his patients would do as well."

"You are young, ma'am, and I suppose healthy, and that goes a great way in illness."

"Of course it does," replied Mrs. Crane. "I have been healthy and hearty all my life. Where was my work-box put, Judith?"

"It is on the drawers, by your bed's head," was Judith's reply. "Do you want it, ma'am?"

"Unlock it, will you? you will find my keys somewhere about. Inside the little compartment that lifts up, there's a locket, set round with pearls. Bring it here."

Judith did as she was bid. It was a beautiful little locket not larger or much thicker than a shilling, the back of blue enamel; and small pearls were set close together, round the gold rim. The front was of glass, displaying a bit of silky hair; and a very fine gold chain, not longer than three inches, was attached to it on either side, a small ring being in its middle, as if it were to be worn either as a pendant to a bracelet, or resting on the neck.

"Is it not a pretty locket, Judith?"

"I don't believe there ever was such a pretty one made," replied Judith, her eyes sparkling with admiration, but scarcely presuming to touch it, although Mrs. Crane held it to her.

"I should like to give it you as a token of remembrance; you have been so attentive to me. Keep it, Judith; that is my own hair inside, but you can take it out and put your sweetheart's in, if you have got one."

Judith was overwhelmed. She was reluctant to take what appeared to her so costly a toy, so out of all reason as a recompense for her poor services; but she scarcely liked to refuse when a lady pressed it upon her. She protested, and with truth, that she had looked for nothing.

"Put it up in your treasure box, Judith; I am glad to give it you. Have you one?"

"No, ma'am, I have no treasure box, unless a pasteboard slip where I keep my poor mother's wedding-ring, and a pair of coral earrings, she gave me, can be called one."

"Now, Judith, you know I meant a sweetheart."

"Indeed, then I have no sweetheart; but I am truly glad to see you in such spirits, dear lady; and I shall keep the beautiful present till I'm laid in my coffin."

"I do feel very well, and in good spirits. Hark! what hour can that be?"

Mrs. Gould's kitchen clock was striking, which had caused the inquiry.

"It is six, ma'am," said Judith.

"Six! Why you told me the London train came in at five!"

"There is a train comes in at five," returned Judith.

"Then where can she be? The—the person I sent for yesterday—she would get the letter this morning, and might have come away by the twelve o'clock train.

"There's another train will be in later," observed Judith. "Two more."

"You are sure you were in time for last night's post?"

"Quite sure," replied Judith, "I met the mail cart coming up the street for the letters as I came away.

Mrs. Crane lay, apparently in thought. Presently she began again.

"Judith, do you think my baby will live?"

"I don't see why it should not, ma'am. It's certainly very little, as is natural, but it seems healthy. I think it would have a better chance if you would nurse it, instead of letting it be brought up by hand."

"I cannot," said Mrs. Crane, in a somewhat peremptory tone. "Circumstances may occur that would render it inconvenient. Mrs. Smith will see to the baby when she comes, and that's why I am impatient for her arrival. I am glad it's a boy."

The evening and night passed, bringing not the expected visitor, and the invalid displayed symptoms of restlessness. On the following morning, Sunday, she arrived, having evidently travelled by the night train. At least some one arrived, a middle-aged woman, of hard features, who was supposed by the household to be the person expected. But Mrs. Crane did not say, and caused herself to be shut up with the stranger.

The rooms occupied by Mrs. Crane were two, a bed-room and a sitting-room, opening to each other; each room had also a separate door, which opened to the landing. In the sitting-room a temporary bed had been placed for the nurse, and there she sat with the child. Judith was in and out of that room on the Sunday morning, but Mrs. Crane was still shut up with Mrs. Smith—as they supposed her to be. From the latter was heard a sound as of crying and lamentation; remonstrance also; Mrs. Crane's tones were more feeble, but they told of retort, of indignant retort. Mrs. Pepperfly was of a constitution to take things coolly, but Judith was apprehensive for the effect of the excitement upon the invalid. She did not presume to interfere, Mrs. Crane having peremptorily desired not to be disturbed. Suddenly, the door between the two rooms was thrown open, and Mrs. Smith appeared.

The nurse was lying back idly in her chair, the infant on her lap, whom she was jogging with all the might of her two knees, after the approved Pepperfly fashion, and Judith sat at the window, crimping up a little cambric cap-border with a silver knife. Mrs. Smith, who had taken off neither bonnet nor shawl, picked up the child, and carrying it to the window, examined its face attentively.

"It's not like *her*," she remarked to Judith, jerking her head in the direction of the bed-room.

Judith looked up.

"How can you judge, yet awhile?"

"And what a mite it is! Almost impossible to believe that such an atom can be endowed with life."

"A child, born before its time, is sure to be small," remarked Judith; and Mrs. Pepperfly assented as she went down stairs.

"Before its time, indeed!" irascibly returned the stranger. "What business had she to be gamposing off in railways, and in shaking omnibuses. Nasty, dangerous things! Its jolts sent me a flying a most to its top, so what must they have done by a young, slight thing, like her? Now, a mile of ruts to get over; now, a mile of flint-stones! I think the commissioners of roads, down here, must all be abed and asleep."

"Everybody has been everlastingly talking about the badness of the road between the station and South Wennock," returned Judith, "and it is said that the new doctor, Mr. Carlyon, made a complaint, and told them it was ruin to his horse and carriage to go over it. Then they laid down those flint stones; perhaps because he spoke; I don't know."

"Who's Mr. Carlyon?"

"I told you," said Judith, "the new doctor. The lady would have had Mr. Carlyon to attend her, but he was absent. A lucky thing, I think, for Mr. Stephen Gray's sure and safe. Mr. Carlyon may be, for what I know, but he can't have had the experience, or the practice either, of Mr. Stephen."

"What has this child been fed on!" abruptly demanded Mrs. Smith.

"Barley water and milk, half and half. It was a puzzle to Mother Pepperfly what to give it, as it's so little."

"I don't like the look of her," curtly continued the stranger.

"If we were all bought and sold by looks, some of us would remain on hand, and Mother Pepperfly's one," said Judith; "But she has got her wits about her; provided she keeps sober, there's not a better nurse going; and when people know her failing, they can guard against it."

"What are you? another nurse?"

"I'm only a neighbor. But the lady took a fancy to me, and I said I would stop with her for a few days. I'm sure she's a lady," added Judith.

"She's a lady born and bred. But she took and married as—as—I think she ought not to have married. But she won't hear a word against him."

"Will he be coming here?" asked Judith.

"It's no business of mine, whether he does or not. It's their affair, and nobody else's. Where's this infant's things. They must be made into a bundle, and some food prepared for it."

Judith thought the remark strange.

"You are not going to take the baby away?"

"I am, though. The trains don't run thick on a Sunday; but there's one leaves the station at seven o'clock, and that's the one I shall travel by."

"You never mean to say you are going to take this little mortal all the way to London!" she returned, breathlessly.

"There's no reason why I shouldn't, and there's a cause why I should. Wrapped up in flannel, and lying in my arms in a first-class carriage, it will take no more harm than in this room."

Judith felt that it was not her place to interfere in Mrs. Crane's arrangements, whatever they might be.

"You were expected last evening," she observed, by way of keeping up the conversation.

"I daresay. But I couldn't come. I travelled all night, to come as soon as I did."

"And you'll travel all night again to-night!"

"It won't kill me," was the answer.

Mr. Stephen Grey's step was heard on the stairs. He went on at once to the bed-chamber by the direct door, not coming through the sitting-room. Mrs. Crane was flushed and feverish, which surprised and grieved the surgeon, he had found her so calm at his early visit that morning.

"What have you been doing," he exclaimed, "to excite yourself in this way!"

"I do feel a little hot; it is going off. The person I told you of, is come, and she—she—" Mrs. Crane paused for a minute and then went on—"she lectured me upon being so imprudent as to travel, and I got angry with her."

Mr. Stephen looked very vexed.

"So sure as I have a patient going on unusually well, so sure does she go and upset it herself, by some nonsensical folly or other. I will give you a composing draught—and I must forbid all talking and excitement for a day or two. You must be silent now till evening."

"Very well," she answered. "Mr. Grey."

"What?" he returned.

"Can I have the baby baptized?"

"Baptized! Why should you wish it baptized? It is not in danger."

"It is going away to-day, to be nursed. And—"

"Have you heard of a fit person to undertake it?" he interrupted, never supposing but she alluded to the neighborhood. "I wish you would nurse it yourself; better for you, and the child too."

"I informed you that it was not convenient to me," she answered in a decisive tone, "neither, I think, would my husband be pleased, if I did. I wish it to be baptized before it goes away; perhaps there is some clergyman or curate in the town, who would come in and do it."

"I can arrange that," said Mr. Stephen. "Only you keep quiet. What's the young giant's name to be?"

"I must think," replied Mrs. Crane.

"I should call him Samson, he's so big. But, joking apart, these little children born, do sometimes grow up into big men."

However, later in the morning, when church was over, and the Reverend William Lycett called at the house to perform the rite, Judith went down to him, and said that the sick lady had changed her mind, and was sorry to have troubled him. She preferred that the child should be baptised when it was older. So Mr. Lycett, with a kind hope that both the lady and the baby were going on satisfactorily, went away again. The event had caused quite a commotion in the little town, and all its particulars were known from one end of it to the other.

CHAPTER III.

THE FACE ON THE STAIRS.

The omnibus, so often referred to, allowed itself half an hour to start and jolt over the unpromising two miles of road intervening between South Wennock and the station at Great Wennock, which was a large place of some note. When ordered, it would call for any passengers in South Wennock, who might be going by it; consequently, at a quarter past six o'clock on this Sunday evening, it drew up to a certain door in Palace street, and Mrs. Smith with two bundles, stepped into it; one of the bundles contained the baby, and the other the baby's clothes.

It happened that she was the only passenger that Sunday evening; the omnibus therefore, not having a full load, tore and jolted along to its heart content, pretty nearly shaking Mrs. Smith to pieces. In vain she hammered at the windows and the roof, when she dared free her hand for a moment: but her hands had full occupation, the one taking care of the breathing bundle, the other clasping hold of any part it could, to steady herself: in vain she shrieked out to the driver that her brains were being "clucked out of her," and herself "battered to atoms:" the driver was a phlegmatic man, and never paid attention to these complaints of his customers. He knew, shaken or not, they must go by him, unless they had a private conveyance of their own, for there was no opposition omnibus, and the knowledge made him independent. The consequence of all the speed and jolting on this particular evening, was, that the omnibus arrived at Great Wennock station unusually early, twenty minutes before the London up train would start, and five minutes before the London down train was expected in.

Mrs. Smith, vowing vengeance against the driver and the omnibus, declared she would lay a complaint, and bounced out to do so. But the clerk at the station, and there was only one on, on that Sunday evening, and he a young man, aggravatingly laughed in Mrs. Smith's face, saying the omnibus had nothing to do with him. Mrs. Smith, overflowing with wrath, took herself and her bundles into the first-class waiting room, and there sat down. The room opened on one side to the platform, and on the other to the road, lately the scene of Mrs. Smith's unpleasant journey.

Five minutes, and the down train came steaming in. Some five or six passengers alighted, not more; the English, as a nation, do not prefer Sunday for making long journeys, and the train went steaming on again. The passengers dispersed: they belonged to Great Wennock; all but one, and he came through the first-class waiting room, and stepped out on the road beyond.

He was a man of middle height, young still, slender, and of gentlemanly appearance and manners. His face was very fair; his eyes were of a remarkably pale blue, and his hair was light flaxen; his features were regular, and his lips thin and compressed. That he was a man of powerful will, and of great natural secretiveness, could not be doubted. A good-looking young man, a casual observer might have remarked; but had he been a reader of countenances, he might have suddenly halted in his opinion as he met the peculiar expression of the unfathomable eyes. Readers, note him well; it was Mr. Carlyon, and he will play his full part in this history.

Mr. Carlyon looked up and down the road, seeing nothing, except the omnibus, which had there been brought to a stand-still. He went back through the room to the platform.

"Taylor," said he, addressing a railway porter, "has my groom been here with the carriage?"

"No, sir; not that I have seen; but we only opened the station about ten minutes back."

Mr. Carlyon retraced his steps, glancing keenly at the middle-aged woman who occupied the room, and whose dress, plain but respectable, scarcely indicated what might be her circumstances in life. She paid no attention to him, she was occupied in letting her anger effervesce: it was the twilight hour, and the room was dark, caused by the shade of the covered platform on the side the windows looked, so that neither of the two could distinguish the features of the other; a loss not felt, for they were strangers. Mr. Carlyon leaned against the door-post, softly whistling, and peering once more down the road in the direction of South Wennock.

"Dobson," said he, as the driver of the omnibus came in sight, to look after his vehicle and his patient horses, "did you see my fellow anywhere, as you came along? I gave him orders to be here to meet the train."

"Naw, sir, I didn't see nothing on him. He's mistook 'em, maybe, or else forgot. Like to take advantage of the empty 'bus, sir?"

"He did not mistake them, and he had better not forget," returned Mr. Carlyon, in a careless sort of tone, as he recommenced his whistling, which, by the way, was a tune from a popular opera. But the driver was not to be so put off.

"The 'bus is a going back empty, sir: won't you get in?"

"Thank you," sarcastically returned Mr. Carlyon, "you had the chance of bumping me to a jelly once; I can't stand it a second time."

"But it was afore I knowed who you was, sir. I takes care not to bump our gentry; I drives slow when I has them inside."

"They may trust to you if they will: I don't. If my carriage is not here shortly, I shall walk."

The driver ascended to his seat, whipped up his horses, and set off home, his hat bobbing upwards with the speed, and his omnibus flying behind him.

By this time, it wanted ten minutes to seven, the period, as Mrs. Smith had been informed, when she could get her ticket. She deposited the live bundle at the very back of the wide sofa, and went to procure it. Mr. Carlyon turned into the room by the back door as she left by the front one, and was leisurely striding up and down it, yawning one minute, whistling the next, when a feeble cry was heard to proceed from the packet on the sofa.

It brought him and his whistling to a stand still. He stood in amazement, staring at the sofa. The cry was repeated, somewhat louder.

"Why, bless my heart, if I don't believe it's a youngster!" he uttered, having deemed it to be nothing but a bag of clothes. And approaching the sofa, he dived into the wrappings and the flannels, and felt a warm face.

But he could not see; the obscurity was too great. He leisurely drew some wax matches from his pocket, struck one, and held the light over the opening. It was one of the smallest faces he had ever seen, and a little red object which began to exercise its lungs. The match burnt out, and Mr. Carlyon, threw its end away just as Mrs. Smith returned.

"So you've woke up, have you!" cried Mrs. Smith, apostrophising the child: "it's an odd thing to me, you could sleep through the doings of that pestilential omnibus. Come along, baby; five minutes yet, before we can get into the carriages!"

"I thought magic must be at work, to hear a human cry from a bundle of clothes," exclaimed Mr. Carlyon. "I lighted a match, to make sure it was not a rabbit there."

"It's as much like a rabbit as a child, just yet, poor little thing," retorted Mrs. Smith, who had anything but recovered her equanimity. "I never saw such a baby born."

"It is not at its full time," observed Mr. Carlyon.

"And who are *you, sir*, that you should offer your opinion to me about 'full time?'" returned Mrs. Smith, scandalised at the remark from one whom she deemed a young man. "What do you know of babies, pray?"

"At least as much as you, my good lady. I have brought plenty into the world."

"Oh, then, you are a doctor," she replied, considerably mollified; "that alters the case."

"Yes, I am a doctor. And, as a doctor, I will tell you that little specimen of humanity is not fit to travel."

"Of course it's not. But necessity has to do many things, without waiting for fitness."

"When was it born? To-day?"

"Yesterday morning. Sir, have you any influence in this neighborhood?"

"Why?" returned Mr. Carlyon, without directly answering the question.

"Because, if you have, I hope you'll use it to put down that horrible omnibus. It—"

"Do you mean the omnibus that plies between here and South Wennock?" interrupted Mr. Carlyon.

"Yes, I do. The way it jolts and rattles over the road is enough to kill whoever may be inside it. I went in it to South Wennock this morning, and that was bad enough, but when I came back this evening, I did really believe I should have lost my life—jolting one's head up to the roof, taking one's feet off the ground and jolting them down again, jolting one's—one's—middle on to the seat! I shall be sore all over for a month to come; and the more I knocked and called, the faster the sinner drove; and I, with this baby to hold all the while."

"It is too bad," returned Mr. Carlyon, "and surprising that South Wennock puts up with it. There'll be some serious result one of these days, and then South Wennock will be glad to start another omnibus."

"The serious result has come," wrathfully returned Mrs. Smith. "A young lady, hardly fit to travel in an easy carriage, rode in it to South Wennock last Friday, and the result was this poor little infant."

"Indeed. And what of her?"

"Well, I hope she'll be all right: they say so."

"One of the Messrs. Grey's patients, I suppose."

"Grey? Yes, that's the name of her doctor."

"Was it young Mrs. Lipscome, on the rise?"

"No, it was not, sir: and who it was, don't matter: whether it was a lady of honor to Queen Victoria, or a poor peasant woman, the injury's the same: and much that rascally omnibus cares!"

At this moment, dashing up with the speed of the omnibus, came a vehicle to the door, driven by a servant in livery. We scarcely know what name to give it. Far more elegant than a gig, lower, and indeed built quite in a different style, the word carriage is yet too pretentious. Mr. Carlyon, however, called it so, for want, perhaps, of a better name. A light cover, quite distinct from the old-fashioned head, could be raised over it in the sunshine or in the rain, and it was drawn by one horse.

The noise took out Mr. Carlyon. He spoke in a quiet tone: but the quiet of some men is worse than the noise of others.

"What were my orders to you?"

The servant had jumped from the carriage—we will designate it as Mr. Carlyon did. It was the same man who by his superciliousness had excited the ire of Judy.

"I'm very sorry to be late, sir: I can't make out how it is. You might have knocked me down with a puff, sir, when I met the omnibus a coming back. 'Our clock must be late,' says I to myself. And I'm sure it it is, sir."

"No lie, Evan," quietly interrupted Mr. Carlyon. "You know while you are telling it, that the fault is yours: that you did not

start in time. I will know when I get home what prevented you."

He ascended to the right hand side as he spoke, pointing his finger imperiously to the left, as a signal that it was to be Evan's. It was not often that Mr. Carlyon took the reins: whether he doubted his servant's perfect sobriety that night cannot be explained, but he chose to take them then.

"If you please, sir, would you have the lamps lighted," hesitated Evan, before he got up.

"No," returned Mr. Carlyon. "And had you been here to time, there would have been no question of wanting them."

He drove off fast as he spoke: the light vehicle was a better one to go over the stones and the ruts than the lumbering omnibus, whose springs had probably gone long ago. Mrs. Smith, her bundle in her arms, had come to the back door to listen and to see: in another minute, she had taken her place in the railway carriage.

Mr. Carlyon and his servant sped along in silence: the latter did not presume to break it, and the former did not choose to. All in an instant the horse started, apparently at something in the hedge, started forward with a spring, and fell. Mr. Carlyon and his man were both thrown out, and the shafts of the carriage were broken.

It was the work, I say, of an instant. One moment, spinning along the road; the next, lying in it. Mr. Carlyon was the first to gather himself up. He certainly was shaken, and one of his legs did not seem quite free, but there was no material damage. He approached the horse, took it by the head, and strove to raise it: but it appeared more than he could accomplish.

"Evan."

There was no reply. Mr. Carlyon then went to his man and strove to raise him, but succeeded no better than he had done with the horse. The man lay insensible: he had been pitched on his head.

Mr. Carlyon was not of a patient temper, and he gave vent to it.

"Well, this is a pretty state of things!"

"What's the to-do? what's up?" exclaimed a peasant woman, approaching the gate of the road-side field.

"Are there any men about? Can you get me some help?" inquired Mr. Carlyon.

She shook her head.

"There's nobody about but me: my husband's down with the fever." She had an intelligent face, and she approached the horse and looked at it, touching it here and there. "It's the off fore leg where the hurt is, I think, sir: it may be nothing but a sprain. Why—goodness save us! there's a man a lying, too!"

"I must have help," said Mr. Carlyon. "Neither horse nor man can lie here."

"What caused it, sir?"

"That's more than I can say. The horse was always sure-footed till to-night. His falling is inexplicable."

The woman seemed to muse.

"I don't like them unaccountable accidents," she resumed, with a dreamy air, "them accidents that come, and nobody can tell why.—They bode ill luck."

"They bring ill luck enough, without boding it," returned Mr. Carlyon.

"They bode it too," said the woman, with a nod of her head. "Take care, sir, that no ill happens to you, in the next few hours or few days."

"What ill should happen to me?" asked Mr. Carlyon, laughing inwardly at the woman's superstition.

"We can none of us tell beforehand what the ill hanging over us may be, or from what quarter it will come. Perhaps you were going a journey: I don't know, sir, or who you may be: but if so I should say, halt in it: and don't go to the place you intended."

"My good woman, I do think you must be out of your mind!" uttered Mr. Carlyon.

"No I'm not, sir, but perhaps I have observed more than most folk do. I'm certain, I'm convinced by experience, that many of these hindrances are only warnings—if we was but wise enough to take 'em as such. You, now, sir, were on your road to some place—"

"South Wennock, not a mile off," put in Mr. Carlyon, mockingly.

"South Wennock, so be it, sir. Then all I can say is, that, was I you, I would not go on to South Wennock: I'd rather turn myself round and go back whence I came. This may be sent as a warning to you not to go there."

But for the untoward and vexatious circumstances around him, Mr. Carlyon would have laughed outright.

"Why, I live at South Wennock," he exclaimed. "But the question now is, not what may or may not happen to me, but how I shall get assistance. Here's a helpless horse, and there's a helpless man. Can you go to South Wennock for me, to the Red Lion, and tell them to send the necessary aid?"

"I'm willing, sir. What shall I tell them to send?"

"They will know, if you explain the nature of the accident. They must send a conveyance for my servant."

"And a doctor, sir?"

"No. Go as quick as you can."

The woman, strong and sturdy, strode off and the help arrived. Mr. Carlyon had then got his horse up; it appeared to have sprained its leg, but to have received no other damage. The man was still unconscious.

Great commotion the damaged procession caused, going through the town, greater commotion still at the house of Mr. Carlyon. The horse was led to his stable and attended to, and Evan was placed in bed and attended by Mr. Carlyon. The latter then ordered some refreshment for himself, and whilst it was preparing he rang the bell for Rob, the surgery boy.

"Any messages or letters?"

"There come a message yesterday from Captain Chesney, sir, and another from him this morning. He was worser, and the black man said if you wasn't home to-day, his master threatened to call in Mr. Grey."

"He may call in the devil if he likes," responded Mr. Carlyon. "He's an irritable old fool, that's what he is."

Perhaps Mr. Carlyon might have been called an irritable young one, just then, for he certainly appeared uncommonly put out. "Anything more?" he sharply asked.

"No, sir," not as I remembers."

Later, however, when Mr. Carlyon was seated at his supper, Bob intruded again. "What do you want, pig?"

"Please, sir, it clean slipped my memory till this moment, when I saw it in the bill-holder in the surgery," was Bob's deprecating reply. "It's a note, sir, and it come the same evening as you went away."

"Who is it from?" asked Mr. Carlyon.

Bob could not say. A woman brought it with a big bonnet on, a bonnet as big as a house.

He laid the note by the side of his master's plate, and retired. Five minutes after, Mr. Carlyon was heard to go out.

He took his way through the town to Mrs. Gould's. That redoubtable lady herself opened the door. She dropped a curtsey to Mr. Carlyon.

"I have received a note, which was left at my house a day or two ago, desiring me to call here to see a patient," he began. "A Mrs.—Mrs.—"

Mr. Carlyon apparently was at fault for the name, and Mrs. Gould supplied it. "Mrs. Crane, sir. It's all happily over, and she's doing well."

Mr. Carlyon seemed thunderstruck. "Over? happily over?" he exclaimed, staring at the widow. "Why she—I understood—if I read her note aright—did not expect it for two months to come?"

"No more she didn't, sir, and it was all the omnibus's doings: it pretty near shook the life out of her, and the baby was born the next morning. Such a mite, sir," added the widow, confidentially: "I've seen many a wax doll bigger."

A conviction rushed over Mr. Carlyon, that the child he had seen at the station was the one in question. "Who attended?" he asked.

"Mr. Stephen Grey, sir. But he only attends for you, I heard him say. Will you go up, please, sir?"

Mr. Carlyon hesitated, remembering possibly the lateness of the hour. "Who is with her?" he inquired.

"Nobody at all just now, sir, for Mrs. Pepperfly's having her supper with me in the kitchen. I'll fetch a light."

She returned with a light, and escorted Mr. Carlyon as far as the sitting-room. "That will do," he whispered, placing the candle where its rays should not fall on the sick room when he opened the door. "I will go in alone; she may be asleep."

"I daresay she *is*, Mr. Carlyon, sir. She said she felt inclined for it, and sent the candle down by Mrs. Pepperfly."

She retreated as she spoke, leaving Mr. Carlyon alone. He softly opened the door, and entered the chamber, all unconscious that Judy was sitting at the extreme end of it, behind the bed curtain, drawn on that side. The movement, quiet as it was, caused Mrs. Crane to start from the doze into which she had fallen. Mr. Carlyon approached the bed and addressed her, but ere he had said many words, or she had scarcely responded, a sound, as of a stealthy, rustling movement on the other side the bed, caught his ear.

"What's that?" he called out.

"What is what?" exclaimed the invalid, whose ears had not been so quick as his own.

Mr. Carlyon went round the bed. "Is any one here?" he demanded.

There appeared to be no one, for his question elicited neither sound nor answer. Sufficient light came in from the sitting-room door to enable him to discern that there was a second door to the chamber in the corner, on the remote side of the bed. He pulled it open, it was pushed to, but not latched, and the moonlight streamed full into the landing, from the staircase window. But Mr. Carlyon could neither see nor hear any one, and he began to conclude he must have been mistaken.

"Indeed there is no one here," cried the sick lady. "The nurse went down to her supper."

The rustling was, however, caused by Judy. Finding Mr. Carlyon had entered, and not deeming it right to make a third in the interview between a doctor and a patient, she had silently escaped. Her slippers were noiseless—for Judy was furnished with the requisites for a sick room—and the stairs were carpeted, and she made *her* way down them.

"Where on earth did you spring from?" uttered Dame Gould, when she entered the kitchen. "I thought you were keeping house next door, while your sister had her Sunday evening out?"

"Margaret's come home, so I stepped in here to see if I could do anything for Mrs. Crane. But she had dropped asleep when I went up; and Mr. Carlyon's come in now."

"He has had a dreadful accident to-night," returned Mrs. Gould, "but I didn't like to mention it to him, for he's a proud man, they say, and won't brook no liberties. They were a talking about it at the public when I went in for our supper beer. His carriage were overturned and smashed to pieces, and his horse and servant killed. I was just a telling Mrs. Pepperfly, when his ring came."

"How shocking!" uttered Judy. "When?"

"To-night, don't I tell you? Just now. Half way between here and Great Wennock."

Of course tales, especially if they are bad ones, never lose by carrying, and that the reader knows. On the following morning, Evan was considerably better, and the horse's sprain was going on well; the damaged carriage was also gone to be repaired; so that things were looking up again. Towards the middle of the day, Mr. Carlyon encountered Mr. Stephen Grey, the two meeting in High Street. They had never met professionally, but they knew each other sufficiently to nod in passing. As Mr. Stephen had said, there was plenty of room in South Wennock for Mr. Carlyon as well as themselves; indeed, since the death of their brother Robert, and the increase of the size of the place, the practice was getting more than they could manage, they therefore felt not the slightest jealousy of Mr. Carlyon. But the Greys were honorable men, above petty spite and meannesses.

Mr. Stephen Grey spoke of Mrs. Crane; that he had been happy to attend her, but would now resign her into the hands of Mr. Carlyon.

"She is doing well?" observed Mr. Carlyon.

"Quite so; I was there not an hour ago. Would you like to step down there with me now? I will explain matters, and—"

"Would you oblige me by not giving up charge till to-night or to-morrow morning?" interrupted Mr. Carlyon. "What with the confusion caused by the accident last night, my servant's illness, and the patients who have been waiting for me, and who have grown impatient at my absence, I am so busy to-day that I don't know which way to turn. Before I take Mrs.—Mrs.—, what's the name?"

"Crane."

"Mrs. Crane; I keep forgetting it. Before I take her out of your hands I should like you to explain minutely her symptoms and treatment; and I really have not time to go down with you now. When I got home last night and read the note she had written me, I went to call, but it was late, she seemed drowsy, and I did not undertake charge. Either to-night or to-morrow morning, Mr. Grey, I shall have pleasure in meeting you there."

"Whichever may be convenient to you," returned Mr. Stephen. "It's quite the same to me."

"To-night then at seven—if I possibly can get there. If not to-morrow morning at ten."

"Very well," was the answer. "How did you manage to meet with so unpleasant an accident?"

"I don't know, any more than you, who were not there. The horse appeared to shy, which was nothing extraordinary; horses will shy; but why he should have fallen, or over what, is unexplainable. It was on the only bit of smooth and level road there is, about midway between here and the station. Evan is doing well, and so is the horse.

"The report in the town was, that you were all done for, all killed together, you, the man, horse, phaeton, and all."

Mr. Carlyon laughed; it was impossible to resist the good humor of Stephen Grey.

"To night, then, if I can; if not, to-morrow morning," he said, as he quitted Mr. Stephen, and walked hastily away.

At seven precisely that evening Stephen Grey was at Mrs. Crane's, waiting for Mr. Carlyon. The latter did not come. He chatted to Judy in the sitting-room, and spoke a little with Mrs. Crane in the bedchamber; but she appeared rather flushed and feverish.

"There has been too much gossiping going on," Mr. Stephen observed to Judith.

"She will talk, sir. Feeling well, as she does, I suppose it's natural."

"But not expedient," he returned. "She must take a composing draught again to-night."

He gave Mr. Carlyon more grace than most busy medical men would have done, waiting for him a quarter of an hour. Then he took his departure. About eight, however, Mr. Carlyon called, seemingly in a hot heat. He had walked fast from the rise, he said, and was sorry to find Mr. Grey had gone. Judith who had gone in home, had then been replaced by Mrs. Gould, Mrs. Pepperfly being in the kitchen, eating, which occupation appeared to fill up a great portion of Mrs. Pepperfly's life. *Mr. Carlyon despatched* Mrs. Gould to join her, whilst he spoke with the invalid.

He had not been with her very long, ten minutes it may have been, when a ring at the bell was heard, and Mrs. Pepperfly afterwards came puffing up the stairs. As she entered the sitting-room, Mr. Carlyon emerged from the bed-room and confronted her.

"It's the draught, please sir," cried she.

"Draught," repeated Mr. Carlyon, taking a small bottle from her hand, "what draught? One that Mr. Grey has sent in?"

"Yes, sir, the sleeping draught," replied Mrs. Pepperfly, who did not seem over steady about the legs.

Mr. Carlyon took out the cork, and smelt it.

"How strongly it smells of oil of almonds!" he immediately exclaimed.

"Do it, sir?"

"Do it! why smell for yourself," he returned putting the phial near her face.

"Yes, sir; but I've got a cold; and when I does have these colds upon me, my nose ain't worth a rush."

Mr. Carlyon kept smelling at the draught. Then he tasted it.

"Extraordinary!" he remarked; "why should Grey be giving her this? Here, take possession of it, Mrs. Pepperfly; it is to be given the last thing."

He returned to the bed-room as he spoke, and Mrs. Pepperfly placed the phial on the cheffonier, where other medicine bottles were arrayed. Then she put her head inside the bed-chamber.

"Please, ma'am, do you want me?"

"No," replied Mrs. Crane, from the bed, "you may go down."

A little while after, Mr. Carlyon took his departure. As he crossed the landing to descend the stairs, he saw what he thought was a face gathered against the wall, and staring at him; a strange face, looking stern, white, and cold in the moonlight. He was a strong, bold man, but the impression it made upon him was so great, that his nerves were startled.

"Who, and what are you!" he whispered.

There was no reply; there was neither movement nor sound: and Mr. Carlyon strode back to the sitting-room, and brought out the solitary candle, and threw its light around.

Not a soul was there, neither man nor woman, neither ghost nor spirit. And yet Mr. Carlyon felt certain that a face had been there. A face whose lineaments were strange to him, a man's face of which he had no knowledge; but an unaccountable feeling of superstition, of fear, stole over him, and shook him as he stood: and yet, I say, he was by nature a fearless man, and perhaps this was the first time in his life that such terror had assailed him. He threw the light round the landing, he threw it down the stairs: but nothing was to be seen, and all was silent and still. He carried the candle back to the sitting-room, and put it whence he had taken it, on the mantelpiece, and then he descended the stairs, wiping his face, and willing to persuade himself that he had been mistaken.

"I think I must be a fool," he uttered: "what has come over me to-night? Is the house haunted?"

Soon, too soon, ere ten o'clock had struck, the house was haunted, haunted by a thing that had no business there, a dead body.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Henry Peterson, Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JANUARY 14, 1860.

TERMS, PREMIUMS, &c.

The Terms of THE POST are $2 a-year, if paid in advance—$3, if not paid in advance. ☞ The FIRST YEAR'S subscription must always be paid IN ADVANCE. For $5, IN ADVANCE, one copy is sent three years. We continue the following low Terms to Clubs:—

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Persons residing in BRITISH NORTH AMERICA must remit TWENTY-FIVE CENTS in addition to the subscription price of the paper, as we have to prepay the United States postage.

ADDITIONS TO CLUBS.—Any person having sent the money and names for a Club may add new names to it at the same rate, provided the latter will allow their subscriptions to end at the same time those of the main list do. We will supply the back numbers if we have them. Our object is to have all the subscriptions in each Club end at the same time, and thus prevent confusion.

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REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications. If the article is worth preserving, it is generally worth making a clean copy of.

INCORPORATED COMPANIES.

Some of the shareholders of the Great Western Railway of Canada having been refused a list of the shareholders by the directors, have held a meeting condemning such action as unwarranted and unprecedented, and inviting shareholders to send their names to Mr. Chatteris, Old Jewry.

Those stockholders ought to be ashamed of themselves. Do they not know that it is very impertinent for a stockholder to suppose that he has any interest in or business with the "private affairs" of the company in which he holds stock? The matter is better understood in some other parts of the world. In such places it is admitted almost without question, that every incorporated company, either for *railway, banking*, or other purposes, belongs to the Directors and the principal officers—whose business it is to let the stockholders into as much knowledge of the Company's affairs as may be "good for them," in an annual report, adroitly "cooked" for the occasion. There are certain great leading principles, as we take it, upon which every incorporated company should be conducted:—

1. The company should be managed, not mainly for the benefit of the stockholders, but for the benefit of some clique who have managed to obtain control of its direction.

2. This clique should never wholly monopolize the direction of the road, but should always contrive to link in with themselves enough good, easy, unsuspicious men, of fair business standing, to make them secure in their position.

3. They should always, in their annual reports, present the brightest side of affairs to the credulous masses of the stockholders. If they do not make a dividend, they should always promise to make a heavy one next time. It is astonishing, to those who have had no experience, how much gulling stockholders will bear.

4. The President of the road should always manage to make a good thing of it for himself and friends—just sufficient money being wasted in dividends to keep the stockholders in a good humor. So long as you make good dividends, you may "appropriate" as much as you please for yourselves from the capital, without question.

5. Reports—such as that the usual dividend will be passed, &c.—should be thrown out by the management occasionally, in order to depress the stock, when the clique should buy; then other reports, semi-official, should be put in circulation to increase the price, when the clique should sell.

6. If any prying stockholder should come poking about the office or officers of the company, inquiring into its business, its prospects, &c.—asking to take a copy of the list of stockholders, to see the books, &c.—he should be bluffed off for his impertinence in a "very summary" (which means decidedly *sixty*) manner.

By conducting a company upon the above principles—and you can easily do it, for the great majority of stockholders are always disposed to take side with the cliques of managers against their own interests—you will probably be able to "make a good thing of it."

Of course, if you are a sensible man—as soon as you are once fairly out of the companies you are now entrapped in as a *simple* stockholder—you will never go into another, except as one of the managing clique.

In the particular case before us, the Directors of the Great Western Railway have our sympathy. We should judge, by their refusal of a list of the stockholders, that they are fully versed in all the mysteries and prerogatives of their craft. The idea that a railroad belongs to the stockholders and not to the directors, cannot too soon be put down. The French king—a little while before he was beheaded—said, "The State? I AM THE STATE." So the directors of any road or bank may say, "The Company? WE ARE THE COMPANY!" They however will never be beheaded—at least, not so long as the great majority of stockholders have merely empty calabashes upon their shoulders, or until they find themselves with empty pockets. We have seen many strange things in this Quaker city—United States Bank explosions, Schuylkill Bank explosions, Pennsylvania Bank explosions, &c.—but we never saw a Company that had the wit to turn out a Board of Directors until it was too late. Always a sham investigation hides everything in a denser darkness than before. For *no investigation* made while an old Board is in power, can, as a general thing, amount to anything more than the merest sham. The easiest, the only sure way to discover whether things are all right in any company, is to change the direction—and this it takes a degree of moral courage to do, which the majority of men seem not to possess. Probably, however, it is better for stockholders to be squeamish about giving offence, and thus run the risk of losing their money, than to say or do anything that possibly might be construed into the shadow of an imputation by some highly esteemed friend or fellow-citizen. We are told in the good book, that we should exercise charity—notwithstanding that we are also told there, that it "covers a multitude of sins."

AN EXTRAORDINARY SCIENTIFIC DISCOVERY.—M. Velpeau, an eminent French surgeon, has announced to the French Academy of Science a very remarkable discovery, made by a physician named Broca, who has succeeded in producing insensibility, similar in its effects and as perfect as that produced by anæsthetic agents, by means of a novel and curious process. He had placed before the face of a person, between the person's eyes, and at a distance of about seven inches, a rather brilliant object (*un objet un peu brillant.*) Make the person look fixedly at this object. In a few minutes the person will squint, and will soon fall into catalepsy and be spontaneously deprived of all sensibility. Three experiments out of five attempts are reported as successful. In one of these cases a man underwent a surgical operation for an abscess, which required an important incision. The insensibility lasted ten or twelve minutes after the operation. The patient was entirely unconscious of all that had taken place.

We remember when we were a boy, that we used to draw a straight chalk line (a "rather brilliant object") on the barn floor, and then take a chicken, and put its beak down to the line, the consequence being that the chicken would remain motionless for about a minute, perhaps longer. We never attempted a surgical operation upon the chicken while in that state of catalepsy, though we have little doubt that with a sharp hatchet we could have decapitated said chicken, and the chicken been none the wiser for it afterwards. We offer this fact as a "contribution to Science"—about the only one we have ever been able to make.

THE annual sale of pews in the Rev. H. W. Beecher's Church took place on the 3d, and excited great competition. The assessed value of the pews was set down at $12,050, being the same as last year. To this was added for premiums upon pews the sum of $16,690 25, the assessed value of the chairs $668, with premiums thereon $21 25, thus resulting in the net sum of $29,429 50, being about 40 per cent. increase upon the amount realized last year.

The wealthiest man, of course, where this custom of selling pews at auction prevails, gets the best seat. And why not? Does he not probably need it the most? The Scripture says something about rich men and camels and the eyes of needles, which would seem to imply that the very best place in the church should be given to the richest man. As for the poor, if they can afford to buy seats at all in Mr. Beecher's church, which is doubtful, let them take the outside benches. They get sermons everyday out of doors, sufficient, we may reasonably suppose, to make them tired of this world, and ready for another. As a poor poet, who could never have afforded a seat in a fashionable church, once said:—

Though losses and crosses
Be lessons right severe,
There's a wit there you'll get there,
You'll find no other where.

IT was once fatal to the success of almost any kind of a public show among our provincial neighbors in Philadelphia and Boston, to first gain a great popularity in New York. But the metropolitan character of this city, being now generally conceded, even by Boston, a New York indorsement rather helps than injures a public performer or a work of art. This has been very remarkably shown in the case of Church's Andes and Page's Venus, both of which were received with an ovation in Boston, and the Venus has been singularly honored in Philadelphia, where the goddess is now holding her levees before going to the sweet South.—*New York Tribune.*

Was the Venus ever exhibited in New York? We supposed, of course, that it was brought straight through from Boston to Philadelphia. By the way, was there not an election in New York the other day? We remember to have accidentally heard something of the kind—and that they elected a Philadelphian by the name of Wood as Mayor of that benighted "city." Well, we suppose Wood is good enough for the New Yorkers, but if anybody had thought of proposing him for Mayor of Philadelphia, we should have clapped the maker of such a proposition instanter into the Insane Asylum or the Penitentiary. And yet probably Wood is not a bad man after all, judged by the New York standard.

COAL AND GOLD.—The coal business was not unusually good last year—in fact, so far as prices were concerned, it was by no means flourishing; and yet the quantity mined in Pennsylvania was about 7,804,000 tons, which, at the value of five dollars a ton, would amount to about $39,000,000. California mined only some eleven millions more of gold than we did of coal, and the whole world takes note of it. And yet it is very questionable whether the coal of Pennsylvania is not really more useful to man than the gold of California. Certainly in such weather as we had last week, many would unhesitatingly give the palm of superiority to coal—especially when sitting before an open grate, and experiencing the genial and cheerful warmth thrown out by the glowing face of the black diamond. All honor to Carbon, that powerful darkey, who does his work in season and out of season, never stopping for food or rest—though, it must be confessed, requiring a pretty constant supply of drink!

PHILADELPHIA.

We have a copy of Mr. S. E. COHEN'S PHILADELPHIA CITY DIRECTORY FOR 1860, a work of upwards of twelve hundred pages, and undoubtedly one of the labors which Hercules omitted to do. Few people among the thousands who will refer to this solid volume, will have an idea of the immense toil that went to its preparation. It contains the names of *one hundred and thirty-one thousand, four hundred and seventy-two adult citizens!* Think of that, oh thoughtless public, and be impressed duly! To collect these names, involved the canvass of the largest city in the world—for Philadelphia earns her right to that title by appropriating one hundred and twenty-nine and a half square miles of surface. The great Quaker giant lolls between his silver rivers, and faithful Lilliput taking his measure, reports him twenty-three miles in length, between the crown of his hat and the soles of his boots, and five and a half miles in width, on the average, from rib to rib!

Of course New York is pale with envy at these proportions; that highly respectable one-horse town being ambitions of precedence in everything. No doubt the Manhattanese villagers will frisk, caper, prance and cavort with grief and rage, but there is no help for it. Mr. Cohen implies that they have not even the consolation of superiority in permanent population. New York's population fluctuates—comes and goes. Philadelphia has, counting in women and children, six hundred and eighty thousand souls—stand-by's. As the Dutchman said, "What a beeples!" One of these days we shall doubtless stretch over intervening New Jersey, turn the Camden and Amboy road into a "Passenger railway," and annex little Gotham as a suburb.

SINGULARITIES OF NEWS REPORTING.—The agents of the various newspapers who transmit "*important*" information by telegraph, often announce very singular facts. For instance, one telegraphing from Baltimore on the 2nd, says:—

BALTIMORE, Jan. 2.—The weather is very cold; the thermometer is down to zero at five different localities in the city.

That the thermometer should have been down to zero at "*five different localities*," of course enhanced the singularity of the matter very much. We suppose that usually the cold in Baltimore manifests itself only in one place at a time—which is certainly very considerate on the part of the clerk of the weather.

THE GREAT OPERA is gone, and the little opera is coming. Mr. and Mrs. Henri Drayton are to be in Philadelphia this month, and favor us with their parlor operas, or dramatic proverbs—a unique and entertaining performance. Historically, this sort of entertainment was the germ of the Grand Opera. It consists of a little play, illustrating some popular adage, generally sung and acted by two persons only. Mr. and Mrs. Drayton have great prestige in it, and no doubt we shall all be delighted with them and their novel concerts.

New Publications.

NOTES ON BOOKS.

A fine New Year's gift which one friend in favor of the Universal Diffusion of Useful knowledge, might give to another friend in favor of Useful Knowledge being Universally Diffused, would be the eight volumes of THE NEW AMERICAN CYCLOPÆDIA. (D. Appleton & Co., New York.) The eighth volume is just out, and carries the reader through a range of subjects, beginning with an account of the Fuggers—those famous rich German merchants of the 14th century, one of whom, we believe, (the fact is not mentioned here,) used to make a fire of cinnamon when the Emperor Charles V. came to visit him—and ending with a sketch of the Austrian brute, Haynau. Among the important articles in this volume is one on the German language and literature—a full sketch with good critical estimates. Another good and full article is that on Greece. There are several others of note which we might mention. We notice only one important omission. No account is given of Mrs. Grundy! The Hon. Felix Grundy, and the four Grundy counties are duly noted, but to the estimable and exemplary lady whom we all think so much of, and by whose opinion we measure truth, right, heroism, duty, character, everything, there is not devoted a single word! This is an unaccountable oversight. In America, too! We very much fear that the editors are not sufficiently alive to their solemn responsibilities. But we withhold further censure until we hear what Mrs. Grundy will say.

It is only occasionally that THE CHRISTIAN EXAMINER, (Crosby, Nichols & Co., Boston,) reminds one that it is an organ of the denomination that claims Milton, Newton and Locke, not to mention modern names, as its members. The magazine is conducted in so liberal and cosmopolitan a spirit, that its pages rarely call to mind the conflict of opinions or the wrangle of creeds. In the January number we find a capital article, rich with "words of fate," on "The Novels of 1859." There is also a thoughtful and suggestive paper on "The Women of Homer." It sets one to thinking whether the lofty men and pure women of the Iliad and Odyssey, were indeed (as the reviewer of the *Examiner* thinks,) common to the Homeric Age, or whether they were but poetic images—the Hartz phantoms of the *heart's* longings—the yearnings of a poet for the innocence and nobleness that were not, projected into dramatic individualizations, at once the reproof and the ideal to the low and base Greek life. Difficult to determine.

The most noticeable book on our table this week, is a volume of NEW MISCELLANIES, by CHARLES KINGSLEY. (Ticknor & Fields, Boston.) They are the contributions of the brave Rector of Eversley to certain English Magazines, and are full of the aggressive humanity, the downright good sense, the ardent appreciation of natural beauty, and be it said with respect, the notionalities usual to his writings. One article deals roundly with the public stupidity and theological bigotry which oppose Sanitary Reform, and will not let the streets and sewers be kept clean, lest "materialism" should en-

a "Chalk Stream Studies" incites one to go a-fishing, and is in the interest of Izaak Walton. In another article Pope's genius is finely estimated, Alexander Smith praised, and all the young British poets declared to be in a bad way, except William Allingham, who is certainly a real English, or rather Irish, nightingale. An article on "Shelley and Byron" shows up Kingsley's limitations about as fairly as anything that could be selected from his writings. The half-liberated man—the thinker under bonds to keep the peace—his problem seems always to be how to reconcile the independent convictions of the soul with the opinions and prejudices of his class and age. He thinks freely, indeed, up to a certain point—beyond that he is all a petrifaction of assumption, pre-notion, and dogmatism. Thus he is like the prince of the Arabian story, who was human to the waist, but below, black marble. The man who could view Shelley as he does here, has simply looked at him with eyes bandaged with granite. When he talks of Shelley's "lewdness" for example—representing him as being the advocate of "lawless love"—the host of passages from Shelley's writings that start up in the mind to confute this assertion, prove Kingsley to have no insight of the poet's character, or fair understanding of his works. Whatever Shelley was—and he had faults—this he was not. Whatever his errors—and he committed many—this was not one of them. We may differ as broadly as possible with him, but to question the purity of his nature, or his allegiance to natural law, is, in view of the evidence, slightly absurd. But how could Kingsley, cultured and constituted as he is, ever do justice to a soul like Shelley! We should just as soon expect the narrow and shallow Macaulay to fathom the boundless mind of Bacon, or comprehend the dark and subtle nobility of Machiavelli.

NEW PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

Re-Statements of Christian Doctrine, in Twenty-Five Sermons. By Henry W. Bellows. D. Appleton & Co., New York.

The Lectures of Lola Montez. T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia.

Ernest Bracebridge; or, Schoolboy Days. By W. H. G. Kingston. Ticknor & Fields, Boston.

Blackwood's Magazine. December. Leonard Scott & Co., New York.

The Horticulturist. January. Saxton, Barker, & Co., New York.

Arthur's Ladies' Home Magazine. January. T. S. Arthur & Co., Philadelphia.

Emerson Bennett's Dollar Monthly. Bennett & Hamelin, 144 South Third Street, Philadelphia.

POLITICAL NEWS.

Pennsylvania Legislature.—In the House, Mr. Lawrence, of Dauphin, (Opposition,) was elected Speaker. Mr. Francis, of Venango, (Opposition,) was elected Speaker of the Senate, and Mr. Errett, (Opposition,) Clerk. The Opposition majorities are large in both Houses.

Congress.—The House still has no Speaker. The following was the result of the

TWENTY-EIGHTH BALLOT.

Whole number of votes,	211
Necessary to a choice,	106
Mr. Sherman, (Repub.)	103
Mr. Hamilton, (Dem.)	89
Mr. Gilmer, (South Amer.)	16
Scattering,	3

The South Americans who voted for Gilmer were Messrs. Adams, of Kentucky, Anderson, of Kentucky, Brabson, Briggs, Bristow, Davis, of Maryland, Etheridge, Harris, of Maryland, Hatton, Mallory, Nelson, Quarles, Stokes, Webster, Gilmer, and Hill—16.

Mr. Reynolds was voted for by Messrs. Adrian and Horace F. Clarke.

The above vote was taken on Saturday. The House then adjourned till Monday.

The Presidency.—The Democratic State Conventions in Ohio and Illinois passed resolutions in favor of Mr. Douglas for the Presidency.

Hole-in-the-Day.—The celebrated Indian brave, we are informed by Major Cullen, has built him a "gay old house" on his reserved six hundred and forty acres, at Crow Wing, on the Mississippi. The house has cost him some six thousand dollars in gold, and is nearly surrounded by a piazza. The old chief is living with six wives, in all the splendor of a Mormon bishop. His parlor is furnished with seventeen rocking-chairs, while the walls are hung with eight large portraits, seven of which represent himself, and the other Major Cullen. Three of his wives are old, like himself, and the other three young and beautiful. They live like "white folks," all sit at the same table, and have the best china and coffee sets for every-day use. The old man has over one hundred acres of his reserve under cultivation, which brings forth bountifully. His wives work a large garden, well stocked with flowers.—*La Crosse (Minn.) Union.*

Conjugal Affection.—A married woman in our city had the misfortune to lose her husband a few days since, and while thinking over her desolate condition, and the prospect of a dreary, lonely winter, and estimating how much of her funds would be absorbed in the funeral expenses of the dear deceased, she was interrupted by the call of a young son of Esculapius, who, after some little chaffering, proposed to give the lady a good round sum for the useless body of the dead husband. The widow thought upon the proposal and finally accepted the offer. A day or two afterwards, being waited upon by some of her friends, who came to sympathise with her in her affliction, the widow said it was not so bad as it might have been, as she had sold her husband's body and filled her cellar with wood and coal bought with the proceeds.—*Baltimore Republican.*

Colonization to St. Domingo.—A free passage is offered to fifty colored emigrants to St. Domingo, by the authorities of that island. Each emigrant must know a trade, and must produce two written certificates from his or her former employer, that they are sober and industrious, and possess at least twenty dollars, so as not to be destitute on their arrival. All such persons can receive a free passage by addressing box No. 58, New York post office.

Affairs in Modena.—A Turin letter, of the 11th, in the Paris Debats, says: "Facts are now passing in the Duchy of Modena which are not without significance. Nearly all the great families attached to the Grand Duke are leaving the country and selling their estates."

Four hundred thousand dollars will be paid out this season in Northern Missouri and Kansas for hogs. Easier times are looked for in those regions in consequence of this flow of money.

An unknown man, of genteel appearance, was committed to one of the cells of the Jefferson Market Police Court in New York, and the next morning he was found dead. The poor man's body had been nearly *half devoured by rats!* and the spectacle presented to the coroner was one easier imagined than described. The prison and its keepers, both should be indicted.

LETTER FROM PARIS.

An American Artist—The Flight of Time—Inter-Mercurial Planets—Belles in a 'Bus—A Conjuree in a Dilemma—The New Octroi—A Soldier's Epistle—M. De Lamartine—Family Union—The Wedding-Ring.

Paris, Dec. 15, 1859.

Mr. Editor of the Post:—

Americans interested in the artistic reputation of their country will be glad to know that a picture by one of their countrymen, Mr. Schwartze, which is now being exhibited at M. Goupil's gallery, in the Rue Chaptal, is exciting much attention here, and winning much respect for the artistic promise of its young author. The artist has chosen as his theme a scene from the history of the settlement of the United States, in which the Pilgrim Fathers are represented as holding their first meeting for public worship in a rude temporary building, on Sunday, January 21, 1621. The congregation are gathered round their pastor, W. Brewster, who, with the Bible in his hand, occupies the centre of the picture, while the emigrants, of every age from infancy to gray-headedness, are grouped harmoniously at the sides. The light falls full on the intellectual face of the preacher, and then descends on a cradle in which a beautiful infant is sleeping, its mother and the rest of the family being seated near. Although the picture is of a devotional character, the picturesque costumes of the time has enabled the artist to impart considerable variety to the coloring, and to effect some very happily-contrived contrasts, as, for instance, in the crimson attire of the soldier-like figure to the right, with the graver attire of the elders near him. Some of the female faces are of great beauty; and the expression of the young mother regarding with such tenderness the little child on her lap is most charming. A youthful pair of lovers, near the cradle, are delightedly hit off; so is the lady wearing a ruff, and a boy, at the right hand corner, who has just been devouring a fine ear of Indian corn. The execution of this remarkable work is such as to augur excellent things for the young artist's future success.

A backward glimpse into the times that have preceded us, such as that afforded by the spirited and interesting production just mentioned, makes one feel how quickly the world rolls on, shaking off generation after generation into the land "from whose bourne no traveller returns!" The lines now being addressed to you by your correspondent,—with a very perverse and crooked goosequill, that has plagued her sadly ever since she began this letter, and that no amount of "mending" seems to mend—will reach you but a few days before the decimal we have so long been using is changed for another that will measure one more lustre behind us, one less before us. "And so goes Time;" drawing the Sun and his family of planets onwards, astronomers tell us, towards some point in space in the direction of the constellation Hercules, and us, the audacious pigmies who inhabit one of his smaller satellites—whither?

But the train of thought called up by this silent, ceaseless lapse of time would lead me too far; and to come back to the present moment and its interests by a planetary stepping stone, I may mention that M. Leverrier—who some time ago announced that, in order to explain a difference of 38 seconds in the motion of Mercury's perihelion, it was absolutely necessary to suppose the existence of another planet between Mercury and the Sun—has just read, at the Academy of Sciences, a letter from Mr. Herrick, communicating various facts observed by him, and corroborated by other astronomers, tending to show that there is, in fact, a ring of very minute planets revolving close to the sun's disk, invisible to us, under ordinary circumstances, because immersed in the solar light.

While the Academy is thus speculating on the mechanism of the heavens, the Paris shopkeepers are equally absorbed in their preparations for the approaching New Year's fetes. The jewellers are generally the first to display new trinkets, designed to draw forth the contents of reluctant pockets; and their windows already betoken the proximity of the great Gift-day. The Opera-balls have just opened with a splendid Charity-ball, at which 816,000 were cleared for the poor of the city. The coming Congress is looked to as a pretext for a great deal of gaiety, which we now begin to hope that the course of things will not make a mockery of in the eyes of Italy. A strong feeling is gaining ground here that English influence has prevailed, and that Italy will really be left free to follow her own wishes. Such a conviction seems to be entertained in Italy, where the people appear to be as ready to dance as they are here. From Florence we learn that a great State Ball was given, last week, at the Grand Ducal Palace of the Pozzio Imperiale, outside the city walls. This ball, otherwise much like other balls, had one curious feature about it, omnibuses being advertised to run from eight till ten o'clock, to convey the guests to the Palace, at the moderate rate of two pauls, (ten-pence) per head, there and back. Accordingly, at the appointed hour, the streets of Florence, *la bella*, were promenaded by little, dirty, one-horse omnibuses, plying for passengers to the ball: and, as soon as filled, away they rattled, in the merriest style, their full-dressed fares smoking as they went. Just imagine the royal guests of any other Court in Europe, driving up, without shame or confusion of face, to Buckingham Palace, the Tuileries, or other abodes of sovereign grandeur and condescension, in a six-penny 'bus!

The Roman question is undoubtedly the most knotty part of the difficulty; but it is thought impossible that the Great Powers can pretend to force the Romagnas back under the sway of the Cardinals, especially as the southern districts of the Papal States are actually endeavoring to get Naples to accept them, as the least injurious Government of the two! That Austria is in an ill-humor is not doubted; but it is rumored that the sale of Venetia to Piedmont is by no means impossible.

The incredible extent to which Venetia has been despoiled of silver by Austria, may be gathered from an incident that took place a few evenings since in its capital, where the son of the celebrated Bosco gave an exhibition of his conjuring skill at one of the theatres. In one of his tricks, he wanted four silver coins, and applied to his numerous spectators for them, according to the want of performers in his line. A general turn-out of purses took place, but only *three* silver coins could be raised, which were handed over amidst a bitter burst of laughter, which amounted to an eloquent accusation of the policy which has thus drained away the wealth of the ancient Queen of the Adriatic.

This allusion to the shining metal which the Japanese so much prefer to gold, and which is becoming inconveniently scarce all over Europe, reminds me that Dumas, the chemist, a few days since, produced, before the Academy of Sciences, a helmet made of silver's new rival, aluminum, for the King of Denmark. The workmanship, by Delachaussee and Mourey, was exceedingly fine; but the interest of the object, in a scientific point of view, resulted from the fact that the metal had received a polish equal to that of silver, that it had been successfully gilt by the galvanic process, and that the operation of soldering had succeeded beyond expectation. The helmet weighs only 700 grains; it would have weighed 1,700, if in brass, and its resistance is superior to that metal, though inferior to that of steel.

The old octroi-walls of this brilliant capital, so given to peddling on the very smallest scale, and keeping an army of officials in uniform at each of its gates to peep into every poor old woman's basket, and make her pay a *centime* on each egg, and a *sou* on each pound of cabbages she may be bringing in from some friend in the country, are are now being pulled down; the new octroi-offices, just built at all the entrances of the fortifications which, on and after the first day of the New Year, will constitute the boundaries of Paris, being ready for occupation. The border-lands, so fruitful of low dissipation, and abounding in the scenes so long characteristic of the *barrieres* and the *banlieue*, will then change occupation; handsome houses will spring up in these remote regions, ignored of the fashionable world; and the motley frequenters of their renowned cook-shops, wine-shops, Sunday evening balls, and penny shows, will follow the exodus of their favorite amusements to the neighborhood of those absurd walls which pass so eloquent a condemnation on the policy of Louis Philippe and his ministers; for the population of Paris, whether in silks or in rags, must amuse itself; and the washerwoman, the soldier, the *ouvrier*, and even the rag-picker, are as much bent on dancing and diversion in some damp and smoky underground ball-room, as are their brethren and sisters whose presence lends *eclat* to the brilliant saloons of the aristocratic Faubourgs of St. Honore and St. Germain.

Yet keenly as all classes of the French enjoy their peculiar dissipations, and resolute as they are in making the most of the present day, the coolness and indifference with which they turn to suicide as the natural relief from annoyance or disappointment, is equally striking. The papers abound in paragraphs recording the self-sought deaths of individuals who find life too troublesome, and accordingly quit it on the most frivolous pretexts. Prompt as the French are to kill themselves for trifles, they are naturally all the more ready to do so when they find themselves in serious trouble. A few days since, a couple of old people who had been employed as concierges, having lost their place, instead of looking out for another, went off quietly, arm in arm, to a deep ditch, just outside the town of Angers, where they resided, and plunged in. A physician, who happened to be passing by, hastened to the spot, and called to a peasant who was near, to help him pull the poor old creatures out by the aid of the pole he held in his hand; but the latter, with the selfish indifference of the French peasant, refused even to lend the benevolent physician his pole, though he saw the old people struggling in the water! Consequently, when the doctor, having succeeded in getting aid from some one else, was able to fish the bodies out, both were quite dead.

The spirits of the French generally collapse as completely and hopelessly under difficulty as they expand rapidly and extensively with any ray of good fortune. The *beau ideal* of the mass of the people is the attainment of that universal panacea, a Government situation, and thus to secure a fixed income, no matter how! To this end, wherever the Emperor goes, petitions rain upon his devoted head, as a matter of course. One of the oddest of the odd documents thus addressed to him, is the following, which was presented to his Majesty during his late residence at Biarritz, and which I translate textually.

"Sire, I have received, under your dear uncle, two wounds, which are the ornament of my life, one in my left thigh, and the other at Wagram. If these two anecdotes, of which I enclose ample certificates, should appear susceptible of a permission to keep a tobacco shop, either at Sevres or elsewhere, I thank you beforehand for your amiability. Please post-pay your answer."

The sale of tobacco being a close monopoly here, in the hands of the Government, the appointment to the keeping of these shops is usually given to wounded soldiers, and others having similar claims on the attention of the Powers that be; and any little post of the kind being the object of the ambition of almost all Frenchmen of the lower classes, a very keen competition is always going on here in reference to them. It is probable that the old fellow who scrawled the eloquent epistle just cited, is already rejoicing in a "post-paid" reply, granting him the privilege so much desired.

So much has been said, of late years, respecting M. de Lamartine and his pecuniary difficulties, that the public, both here and elsewhere, have grown weary of the subject. The national subscription organized for the purpose of paying off the poet's debts, and enabling him to retain possession of his patrimonial estates which had been advertised for sale, but which, if thrown into the market to meet a contingency, would have been sacrificed at less than a tithe of their value, has proved almost an entire failure, only a small sum having been raised, and that principally in England. Much surprise has often been expressed at the fact of the poet's indebtedness, and the largeness of the amount, originally between four and five millions of francs. The facts of the case appear to be these; the paternal estates of the poet were encumbered to the full amount for which they are now liable, before they came into his hands; and he, being of a very liberal temperament, fond of luxury, fond of Art, and exceedingly, nay, imprudently generous to all who come in his way, the large sum he has gained by his writings has been spent as soon as earned, so that the original liabilities with which his property was encumbered in former generations were left unreduced. In addition to the lavish outlay of the poet, many years of scanty vintage and bad harvests added to his embarrassments, by notably diminishing the yield of his estates. Thus his financial affairs were, for many years, getting into a more and more unsatisfactory position; and at length the poet saw no other way of freeing himself from the importunities of his creditors than by selling his estates. When this determination on his part became known, a number of influential gentlemen of his own Department requested him to allow them to constitute a committee to superintend the proposed sale, and to endeavor to make the best arrangements they could to prevent the property from being sacrificed too much below its value. These gentlemen belonged to various political parties, many of them disapproving of the poet's political opinions and actions, while heartily respecting the probity which carried him with unsullied honor through the period of his Dictatorship, when he might, had he chosen, have enriched himself with perfect impunity at the public expense.

After the retirement of De Lamartine from public affairs, it was proposed to raise a national subscription to pay off his debts; but nothing was done in the matter, though, strangely enough, many persons believe to this day, that the proposition was carried into effect. Lamartine has, in fact, received no pecuniary reward whatsoever for his services to the republic. But the idea of raising a subscription to clear off the encumbrances under which he labored was now revived, and a subscription was set on foot by his friends, the Emperor heading the list. But very little could be collected; the fickle people of France having ceased to take any interest in the poet who had ceased to sing, the statesman from whose leadership the country had so widely drifted. Since then, M. de Lamartine has been engaged incessantly in publishing a literary work, including, under the title of *Cours familier de Litterature*, papers on all conspicuous people, and notable books, from the beginning of the world downwards. The work evinces great research, and is written in the brilliant and graceful language peculiar to himself. It has had a tolerable success, and by its means M. de Lamartine has managed to maintain himself and his wife, simply enough, but independently, and at the same time to pay off a large portion of the remaining debt. He passes the winter quietly in Paris, seeing only a few intimate friends; his summer he spends on his estates; all the year round he labors with the pen with a desperate perseverance painful to think of; for he is no longer young, and sorrow and disappointment have [illegible] strength and health. The poet has now just returned from his sojourn in his own place, and has taken up his quarters here for the winter. No purchaser having come forward for his estates, and the national subscription, got up for him by his friends, having produced only 160,000 francs, to pay more than 2,500,000 francs of debts, he has been obliged to ask for more time. Before quitting Monteean, he called his creditors (more than 400) together at the Chateau, and proposed to give up to them his estates, whose value exceeds the amount of his liabilities. He stated that, notwithstanding the insufficiency of the national subscription, he had paid to his creditors, in eighteen months, out of the produce of his literary labors, a sum of 1,200,000 francs, and engaged to pay, in January and February next, a farther sum of 300,000 francs; so that his debts would be reduced to 1,000,000 francs! He therefore solicited the indulgence of dividing his payments into three or four instalments, hoping, he said, by labor and economy, to pay every one in full. However inconvenient it might be for several among the creditors to have their debts settled in these small payments, not one of them opposed the proposition, and it is therefore to be hoped that the poet and statesman whose hands are so pure of lucre, who rendered such incontestible services to his country during the early part of the revolution of 1848, and who has woven the French language, so essentially prosaic, into something more nearly resembling poetry than any other French writer, may at length be able to relieve himself of the heavy burden of debt which has so long been weighing him down, and also preserve the ancestral home for which he cherishes so profound an affection, and where he is beloved and trusted in with something of the devoted attachment of which we hear so much in regard of the tenantry of the "good old times" towards their landlords, and see so very little of at the present day.

Another literary man just now before the public—of very different character, however, and who understands the art of growing rich as thoroughly as Lamartine ignores it—is Alexander Dumas, Jr., the son of the famous romancer, and himself one of the most successful of the rising race of quill-drivers. This young man, born somewhere not within the limits of "the holy estate," has been legitimated by his father, according to the process of French law. The author of "Monte-Cristo" has a wife, but has had no children by her; and has followed the course so usual here, of separating from his legal partner shortly after his marriage, and living for the last twenty years with another lady, whom he would doubtless have quitted in like manner had he been able to marry her. The young Dumas is not even the son of this supplementary wife; but she has always been as kind to him as though he were her own child; and into such a curious confusion has the family-circle fallen in this country, that such a domestic *imbroglio* is not regarded as at all extraordinary. The son has just brought out a new play, called "The Prodigal Father." The piece is less brilliant than some of his former ones, but is intended by its author to be very moral; and is consequently, though its morality is of the most dubious quality, much applauded by the very moral and virtuous theatre-going people of Paris. Apropos of this play, Cham, one of the editors of "Charivari," wrote thus, a day or two since, to the author:

"Monday.

"Dear Dumas, if you would really show yourself a "Prodigal Father," to me, I beg of you to send me three tickets for this evening's representation of your piece. Count on my ingratitude. Yours, Cham."

To which missive the witty young author replied as follows:

"Monday.

"Dear Cham—In the character you wish me to assume towards you, I will attend to your request to-morrow. Count on my negligence.

"Yours, Alexandre Dumas, Jr."

The Emperor and Empress, who have honored the new play with their presence, are duly installed, with the "Hope of France," in the Tuileries, where the suite of rooms occupied by the fair Eugenie have been decorated with the utmost taste and magnificence, in the style of the apartments formerly occupied at Versailles by the unhappy Marie Antoinette. Their stay at Compiegne has been prolonged unusually long this season; and Gossip has been busy, as usual, with their *faits et gestes*. The latest story afloat is one concerning the wife of Lord Cowley, the English Minister here, who is a friend and favorite of the Emperor, which circumstance, by the way, may not improbably have had something to do with Lord Palmerston's resolve to send him to the Congress instead of going himself. It seems that when Lord and Lady Cowley were at Compeigne, a week or two ago, the Emperor perceived, one evening, that Lady Cowley had no wedding ring on. His Majesty asked her how it happened that she did not wear the sign of wifehood so generally worn in England? To which Lady Cowley replied that her marriage had taken place under peculiar circumstances, and in so great a hurry that her husband had not time to procure a ring in time for the ceremony, and that, consequently, she had never possessed a wedding ring. The Emperor, on hearing this, sent at once to Paris for a ring similar to those used at English weddings, and here called "an *alliance*," with the addition of three rows of diamonds, superposed. As soon as the ring reached Compiegne, the Emperor presented this magnificent present to Lady Cowley, at the same time addressing her in these words, "I beg you to accept this ring as a new pledge of the *alliance* between France and England." A handsome gift very handsomely made; and in both respects sufficiently characteristic of the Emperor, who is not only fond of making presents, but is admitted on all hands to possess a peculiar faculty for making them gracefully.

The length to which my letter has already run compels me to reserve for my next the story of a reigning belle in a dilemma, which I had intended sending you to-day. I must, however, just add that I have received an invitation from some people up to their eyes in *—spirit-doings"* to be present to-morrow evening at a *"Demonstration of Magic,"* to be given at their house, by a member of one of the noblest Russian families, who is regarded, by the adepts of the occult sciences, as the most skillful living magician. I need hardly say that I have accepted the invitation, with the full intention of giving the benefit of the promised wonders to the readers of The Post!

QUANTUM.

NEWS ITEMS.

An American boat at the battle of the Peiho, visited one of our vessels, and on wishing to leave her, the officer found all his men had got out of the boat. After some delay they were found looking very hot, smoke-begrimed and fightish. "Hallos, sirs," said the officers with assumed severity, "don't you know we are neutrals?" "Begs pardon," said the gallant fellows, looking very bashful, "they were very short-handed at the bow gun, sir, and so we giv'd them a help for fellowship sake:" they had been hard at it for an hour. Gallant Americans! you and your Admiral did more that day to bind England and the United States together than all your lawyers and pettifogging politicians have ever done to part us.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

The Union (Eng.,) the chief organ of the Tractarians, has the following curious paragraph: "It is stated on good authority that Mr. C. H. Spurgeon made about three weeks ago a formal recantation of the extreme Calvinist tenets which he had been hitherto preaching. He said that he, and others who had taught as he had done, had been doubtless grievous stumbling-blocks in the way of many pious and earnest persons, and that the only amend which lay in his power was to state publicly that he had been in error, and to guarantee that he would never propagate similar false doctrine again."

Rev. T. Starr King, has decided to accept a call from San Francisco. His health is impaired, and he thinks his constitution would be invigorated by the climate of California.

The news of the conclusion of the treaty with the United States, by the Constitutionalists, caused the most intense excitement in Mexico. The papers came out with the most inflammatory appeals, and declared war with the United States inevitable if the treaty is ratified. The clergy are perfectly furious. Stupendous efforts are already on foot to prevent the consummation of the treaty. They were to be carried out by the French Minister, Gabriac and Jecker. (?)

A person, named Roger Largos, has recently died at Paris, at the age of 100 precisely, day for day, and even hour for hour. It was at one o'clock in the afternoon of the 10th of December, 1759, that he was born, and at one o'clock in the afternoon of the 10th of December, 1859, that he died.

California.—The special election for a member of the State Senate had been filled by the choice of a Lecompton Democrat, who was the candidate of the property holders. The first locomotive ever constructed in California has just been finished in San Francisco. The struggle for Broderick's place in the U. S. Senate bids fair to be a very protracted one.

Kentucky Abolitionists Driven Out of that State.—A number of person, (23 in all,) entertaining Abolition sentiments, have been warned to leave Kentucky, and have done so. They consist of Rev. J. A. Rogers, principal of a flourishing school at Berea, and his family; I. D. Reed and family; John G. Hanson and family, the Rev. J. F. Boughton; E. T. Hayes and S. Life, carpenters; A. G. W. Parker, a native of South Carolina; ——— Torry, a native of Tennessee; John Smith, a native of Ohio, a farmer, who has lived in Kentucky some years.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The Arabia, which arrived at New York on the 8th, brings Liverpool advices to Saturday, the 24th.

A pamphlet entitled "The Pope and the Congress," signed by M. de Laguerronniere, had been published, and attracted great attention both in France and England, as it was believed to express the sentiments of the Emperor Napoleon. The pamphlet is written in a spirit of conciliation and compromise, and although it does not propose to take away the temporal powers of the Pope—it advocates a curtailment of them, and urges that the Romagna should not be returned to the Papal dominion.

The London Times concludes a leader on the subject, by saying:—On the whole, we have read this pamphlet with considerable satisfaction. It is very probable that the Emperor of the French has been for some time hesitating between Austria and England, between a liberal and a reactionary policy; but we read in these sentences the promise of a cordial understanding between the two countries in the coming deliberations. We have arrived, though by very different courses, at the same practical conclusion.

The nomination of the Marquis of Auvergne as the second French Plenipotentiary to the Congress, has given great satisfaction to the friends of Italy.

The Spaniards have again repulsed the Moors in Morocco, entailing heavy losses.

In reply to the recently presented memorial from English merchants trading with Mexico, for protection of their interests, Lord John Russell says that her Majesty's government are endeavoring to come to some understanding with the other powers respecting the advice to be offered, and assures the memorialists no opportunity will be lost of interfering, by counsel, with a view to bring about a termination of the present devastating and sanguinary war. His Lordship alludes to the difficulty of ascertaining which is the *de facto* government, as Great Britain and France acknowledge the President who has possession of Mexico, and the United States another President at Vera Cruz.

The London Herald, the organ of the Conservative party, has announced that a complete and comprehensive reform bill is to appear in the Constitutional Press and Magazine, and that in the event of the postponement of the promised Ministerial Reform bill, or its proving unacceptable to the Constitutional party, the bill to be published will be immediately brought before the House of Commons.

The steamer Great Britain was spoken December 14—all well, which strengthens the conviction that the report of her having foundered at sea is a base hoax.

The wife of J. H. Gurney, a member of Parliament, has eloped with one of her family domestics. She is a lady possessed of half a million sterling in her own right.

Austria.—Military preparations continued to be made against the apprehended trouble in Hungary. A rumor prevailed in Paris, the day before the Arabia sailed, that a revolution had actually broken out in Hungary, but it lacked confirmation. One of the Vienna journals had received a second warning from government.

Markets, Dec. 23.—All qualities of Cotton have slightly declined, caused by the American advices, and numerous arrivals of cotton ships.—Quotations are ¼d@3-16d lower, particularly for the new crop. The sales to-day (Friday) were 6000 bales, the market closing quiet, at the following authorized quotations:

	Fair	Middling
New Orleans,	7¼	6¾
Mobile,	7¼	6¾
Uplands,	7¼	6 7-16

The stock of cotton in port is 430,000 bales, including 295,000 bales American.

The Manchester advices are unfavorable, and all descriptions of goods have declined, the market closing dull.

Liverpool, Dec. 23.—Breadstuffs.—Flour at 22s 6d@26s. Wheat firm—red 9s 3d@9s 11d.; white 9s 6d@9s 11d. Corn dull, prices easier, but quotations unchanged; yellow 31s@32s.

Provisions—Pork heavy; all descriptions have declined, but there is more doing. Pork dull. Bacon quiet; new long middles 49@50s. Lard dull, at 55@56s.

Produce—Sugar firm; Coffee steady; Rice dull, but prices firm; Rosin firm, at an advance of 1@2d; sales of common at 4s 2d@4s 4d for medium and fine; the quotations are nominal. Turpentine dull at 34.

London, Dec. 23.—Messrs. Baring Brothers quote Breadstuffs quiet, but prices steady. Sugar steady and firm; Coffee firm, and all qualities slightly dearer.

London Money Market, Dec. 23.—American Securities are slow of sale, but prices are unaltered. The bullion in the Bank of England had increased £2000. The money market is unchanged in rates, though there is an active demand.

The meeting of the European Congress had been fixed to take place on the 19th of January.

The representatives of nearly all the Powers at the Congress have been announced, including Count Cavour, for Sardinia.

The London Times, in an article on the execution of John Brown, ridicules the sympathy evinced by the Northern States when too late, and predicts that the matter will tend to strengthen the South.

The health of Prince Jerome Napoleon was improving.

The reported reduction in the French tariff will apply principally to cotton.

Numerous political arrests are reported at Naples.

The reported intended abdication of the Emperor of Austria proves to be unfounded. Austria is making reductions in her army.

Important submissions have been made to Russia in Circassia.

The Federal Council of Switzerland intends to ask Congress that the neutrality of Savoy may be guaranteed by the Italian Confederation, as it is already by Piedmont, in virtue of the treaty of 1815.

Great Britain.—The weather has been very severe, in some places the thermometer falling within three or four degrees of zero.

Canal navigation had been suspended by the ice, and railroad travel impeded by the snow. A thaw has however set in.

The Cunard Company has purchased the screw steamer Australia.

Lord Holland died at Naples on the 18th ult.

France.—The river Seine, at Paris, is full of ice.

Railway traffic is impeded by the snow.

It has been officially announced that on the 1st of January the Emperor would receive the corps diplomatic and the legislative bodies.

The tendency to improvement in the commercial affairs of France continued.

The session of the Legislative Assembly of France, it is expected will commence on the 16th of January.

Count Persigny is dead.

The Rockville (Connecticut) Republican says the American Mills of that village are running night and day, to supply orders from Virginia for a certain kind of cloth for military uniforms.

☞ A Goose Without Feathers.—A goose that sees another goose drink will do the same, though he is not thirsty. The custom of drinking for company, when drinking is dispensable and prejudicial, seems to be a case of the same kind, and to put a man, feathers only excepted, upon a footing with a goose.—*Bishop Horne.*

☞ A proud man and an humble one will both admit that "humility is a virtue." Nothing is more common than a similarity of sentiment in opposite characters. I dare say a fox and a goose, if they could speak, would both concur in saying that poultry ought to be well fed.—*Burke.*

IN MEMORIAM.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Under a sad and shrouded heaven,
  Our Sorrow stumbles where the willow waves,
  Because the earth is filled with little graves
That make the ways of life uneven.
  Whose gentle hand shall lead her forth
From waning wood and dreary sky,
  And let the bitter wisdom of the earth
Plead with her misery,—
  How that to-morrow may have birth,
To-day must fade and die.

Hard is the task to learn;
Too painfully we earn
  The rich reward of grief.
The sober beauty autumn wears
  Upon the falling of the leaf
It cometh late, and followeth pain,
  As only in the sky appears
On the last lingering fall of rain
  The rainbow, fixed in tears

The summer glory of the withering flower
  Makes sad the autumn when it dies;
And buried in the present hour,
  The sadness of the future lies
It is the memory of our bliss
  That gives to grief its sceptred power;
This is the curse of time, and this
  Even in Love's divinest hour
Betrays us with a kiss.

This truth hath time revealed once more;
  A heavier burthen memory bears
From sunlight of the days of yore,
  To darkness of the coming years
And Sorrow hath another grave,
  Where she may sit alone and weep,
Hearing the murmuring cypress wave
  Over a quiet sleep;
Musing upon a buried face
  Whose beauty mocks decay,
And haunted by the nameless grace,
  That cannot pass away.
Ah! with a trembling hand we trace
  The marble name beloved so dear,
And gently to ourselves repeat
  Its syllables, so sad and sweet,
  Now they are written here.

The flowers shall blossom on her grave;
  There shall the midnight melt in dew;
The flowers shall wither on her grave,
  Shall bloom, and fade, and bloom anew;
The moon shall sparkle in the blue,
  And from the midnight wane;
Shall flood with light the circling blue,
  And wane and come again;
The flowers shall blossom on her grave,
  The moon make beautiful the blue;
Shall wither from the earth, and wane,—
But she shall never come again
With flowers that blossom on the grave,
  With beauty born anew.

Brief was her life of joy, too brief, and brief
Her journey through the land of grief—
  Not far her wandering steps had gone
  From fairy childhood's flowery lawn,
Into the woods and wolds afraid,
  Before the pitying angels drew
A shadowy path, and undismayed,
  She trod it as a path she knew;
Leading her sweetly to the midnight gate,
That, opened for her straight,
  Revealed a radiance strangely bright,
In which one moment, glorified,
  She stood, then—that upon the night
From which her beauty died. J. D. S.

SPEECH WITHOUT WORDS.

"I don't see, Aunt Georgey," observed a small boy of five and a half, who was sticking at his figures during an arithmetical examination—"I don't see the *good* of the multiplication table. It seems to me to be going through so much to get at so little."

"You'd rather play at 'tit, tat, toe,' I daresay, Dickey," remarked his beloved aunt, smiling sardonically.

"Ay, there's something in that," replied the youth, unconscious of her sarcasm, "one sees what one is driving at there, all along."

"Nevertheless, everything has its use," persisted the old lady, who was a very Minerva for aphorisms, and like that heathen celebrity, kept a bird, which, however, was not an owl, but a parrot. "No one can tell what immense advantages may flow from the acquisition—"

"From the what?" interrupted the rude lad, who was of an inquiring rather than a reverent disposition.

"From learning the least things, my dear."

"Ah," observed the boy, "I daresay: there's the alphabet now, for instance, ain't there? Who ever first hit on *that*, I wonder, to teach a fellow to read?"

"Ay, and there's the deaf and dumb alphabet, too, Dickey, which teaches people to talk without words,"

"And were you ever deaf and dumb, Aunt Georgey? Oh, my, what a funny go!"

"If you won't use those very strange words, child—and where you picked them up is, I am sure, quite a marvel to me—I'll tell you a story of how Aunt Georgey herself once saved her life, entirely through having learned the deaf and dumb alphabet: shall I?"

"Instead of the lesson, Aunt Georgey? Oh, yes, I should like it better than pie."

"There were two little boys, Dickey, and one of them not very much older than you, who used to come and stay with your Uncle Frank—you never saw him, dear child, did you? Ah, he would have liked those bonny blue eyes!—to stay with your Uncle Frank and me, when we were first married; and they could neither hear nor speak, Dickey."

"Couldn't they eat neither, Aunt Georgey, nor drink, nor nothing?"

"Oh, yes; they were only deaf and dumb; but that is a very dreadful misfortune indeed, my child, of itself. They could not talk except with their fingers—so—only ever so much quicker."

"That ain't talking: that's cat's cradle, Aunt Georgey!"

"No, it isn't; it's speech, though there are no words." I then said—"'Dickey, don't interrupt your aunt with foolish observations.'"

"I didn't hear you, then," replied Dickey.

"Perhaps not, my dear, but nevertheless I did say it; so don't. Your Uncle Frank and I learned this foreign alphabet on purpose that we might understand what these two poor lads had to say. They were far quicker, far cleverer than you Dick; they could read and write, ay, and draw and sew, and do many other things which you would make but a very bad hand at."

"Could they do the multiplication table, Aunt Georgey?"

"Yes, child."

"Could they play at 'Tit, tat, toe,' Aunt Georgey?"

"Yes; and at draughts, and backgammon, and chess, and at fox and geese, as well as any boys. They could almost see what we said, though they could not hear, with such quick eager eyes did they watch every movement of our lips. We soon, however, got to talk as easily with our fingers as our tongues; and sometimes, when the lads were not with us, Uncle Frank and I used to converse in that manner when we were alone, for practice.

"It happened upon one occasion that we had to go to London on important business; he was to have gone by an afternoon train, but something delayed him, so that he was not able to leave before the night-express. I was not in very good health, and retired to my bedroom about two hours before his departure; he promised, however, to come up and wish me good-bye before he started, which would be between twelve and one o'clock in the morning. The matter which called him away was connected with the bank here, which had just been burned down; and my husband, it seems, though I did not know it at the time—so great a secret had he endeavored to keep it—had many thousand pounds belonging to the concern in his temporary possession, locked up in the iron safe in our bedroom, where the plate was kept. He was bank-manager, and responsible for the whole of it. It was wintertime, and there was a fire in the room, so bright and comfortable that I was in no hurry to leave it and get into bed, but sat up, looking into the fiery coals, as I have seen you do, Dickey, and thinking about all sorts of things; not so much about your favorite palaces, and fairy gardens, and the castles which Jack the Giant-killer took, that are to be seen there, doubtless, as you say; but upon the long journey your Uncle Frank had to take that night, and of how dreary the days would seem until he returned; and in particular how lonely I should feel in that great room all by myself, when he would be away; for I was a dreadful coward, Dickey, and not like you, who go to sleep in the dark like a brave boy, and never want a nurse-maid to sit in your room. It was a little after eleven o'clock when I got into bed, but I did not feel the least inclined for sleep even then; I knew Uncle Frank would be coming to wish me good-bye presently, and besides, there seemed to be all sorts of noises about the room, which my foolish ears always used to hear whenever I was alone at night-time.

"If a little soot fell down the chimney, it was, I thought, a great black crow at least, which would soon be flying about the room, and settling on my pillow, if a mouse squeaked in the wainscot, it was the creaking of some dreadful person's shoes, coming up stairs to kill your silly old aunt with a carving-knife; and if the wind blew at the casement, it was somebody else trying to get in at the window, although it was two stories high. You may imagine, then, my horror when I heard a tremendous sneeze within a quarter of an inch of me, just behind the head-board of the bed, and between that and the wall, where there was a considerable space. I had, as usual, taken the precaution, before I put the candle out, of looking everywhere in the room where it was quite impossible any person could be hid; but in the little alcove into which the bed was pushed, I had never so much as thought of looking, although that was a capital hiding place for anybody. Ever since I had slept in that room, in short, I had been like the ostrich of whom we read yesterday, Dickey, who puts his head in the sand, and then imagines himself in perfect security. I had piqued myself upon precautionary measures that, after all, might just as well have been omitted. The only thing, as I believe, which saved my reason from departing altogether, when I first heard that terrible sound, was that my mind clung to the hope that it might be, after all, only the sneeze of a cat. Fifty cats together could not have made half such a disturbance, it is true, for it was the sneeze of a man who sneezes in spite of himself, and almost shook the house; but the idea sustained me over the first shock. The next instant, the wretch had sneezed again, and pushing aside the bed, which rolled on castors, I felt was standing beside my pillow looking at me. If he had only given one sneeze, he might perhaps have believed me, as I lay quite still, breathing as regularly as I could, and pretending to be asleep; but he reasoned, very justly, that, unless I was deaf or dead, I must have been awakened by the second.

"'You're awake, marm,' said he, in a gruff voice, 'and it's no use shamming! If you don't want a tap with this life-preserver, just look alive.'

"I opened my eyes exceedingly wide at this, and beheld a man with crape over his face, standing by the bed; he held a sort of club with two knobs upon it in his right hand, and with his left he pointed to the iron safe. 'Is the money there?' said he

"'The plate is,' said I, in a trembling voice: 'pray take it, sir; I am sure you are very welcome:' for he might have had anything of value out of the house with all my heart, so long as he left me my life.

"'The money—the gold—the notes, are they there?' cried he again, in a terrible sort of a whisper.

"'It's all there,' replied I, although I knew nothing about it; 'all except fifteen-and-sixpence in my purse, on the dressing-table yonder. There's a silver mustard-pot besides in the pantry, and a couple of candlesticks in the study, only they are plated, for I would not deceive you, sir, upon any account.'

"'You had better not,' observed the burglar grimly, 'or it will be all the worse for you.' He produced a key like that my husband used, and approached the iron safe; but as he did so, his guilty ear caught a footstep upon the staircase. 'Who's that?' cried he.

"'My husband, sir,' returned I; 'but pray, don't hurt him; pray.'

"'Is he not gone to town, then?'' cried the ruffian, with an oath of disappointment.

"'He is going at twelve o'clock,' replied I; 'he is indeed.'

"'If you tell him,' said the burglar, hoarsely; 'if you breathe but one word of my presence here, it will be the death-doom of you both;' he had slipped into the alcove, and drawn back the bed again to its place, in an instant. My husband entered immediately afterwards, and even while he was in the room, I heard the awful threat repeated once again through the thick curtain behind me: 'If you do but whisper it, woman, I will kill you where you lie. Will you swear not to tell him?'

"'I will,' said I solemnly; 'I promise not to open my lips about the matter.'

"Your Uncle Frank leaned over the pillow to kiss me, and observed how terrified I looked.

"'You have been frightening yourself about robbers again, I suppose, you silly child.'

"'Not I, Frank,' returned I, cheerfully as I could; 'I have only a little headache;' but I said with my fingers, so that he could plainly read it in the fire-light: '*For God's sake, hush; but there is a man behind the bedhead!*'

"Your Uncle Frank was as bold as a lion, and had nerves like iron, although he was so tender-hearted and kind. He only answered: 'Where is your sal-volatile, dearest?' and went to the mantel-piece to get it. I thought he never could have understood me, he spoke with such coolness and unconcern, until I saw his fingers reply as he took up the bottle: '*All right; don't be afraid!*' And then I was not afraid, Dick, or at least not much; for I knew that I should not be left one instant in that room alone; and I felt that my Frank was a match for any two man in such a cause. Only he had no weapon. *He has a life-preserver*, said I with my fingers.

"'Your fire is getting rather low, Georgey,' observed he as he took up the poker. (Ah, he had a weapon then!) 'I must leave you a good blaze to comfort you before I go.' He poked the fire and left the poker in, but without ever taking his eye off me and the bed-head. 'I will just ring the bell, and see whether Thomas has got the portmanteau ready. Mary,' continued he to the maid that answered the bell, 'send Thomas up.' Then, when she had gone upon that errand: 'By Jove? I never gave him that key; where is it, Georgey? I have not a minute to lose; if it is in your dressing-case with the rest there, I shall be an age in looking for it. Might I ask you to get out of bed for an instant, and show me which it is?' He said with his fingers, '*jump!*' and I jumped you may be sure, Dickey, quickly enough, and was inside the dressing-room, and with the door locked, in half a second.

"'Come in, Thomas,' said your uncle; 'come in;' for Thomas was modestly hesitating at the chamber door; 'there's some blackguard got into the house and behind my bed there; if he makes the least resistance, I'll kill him with this hot poker.'

"At these words the bed was pushed slowly outwards, and the burglar, without his crape-mask, and with a face as pale as ashes, emerged from his hiding-place. Your Uncle Frank knew him at once as having been a bank-messenger, who had been turned out of his situation, since the fire, upon suspicion of dishonesty.

"'Oh, sir, have pity upon me,' cried he; 'I'm an unlucky dog. If it had not been for a sneeze, I should have had ten thousand pound in my pocket by this time!'

"'Oh, you came after *that*, did you?' said my husband, coolly. 'Well; please to give up that life-preserver which you have in your pocket, before we have any more conversation.'

"'And did your lady tell you that, too?' cried the villain, in accents of astonishment, as he delivered up the weapon to the man-servant; 'and yet I stood by her yonder, and never heard her utter a syllable.'

"'I never spoke a word,' cried I, through the dressing-room keyhole, for I did not wish the man to think that I had broken my oath; nor, to say the truth, was I anxious to make a deadly enemy of him, in case he should be ever at large again.

"'Then it's a judgment on me,' exclaimed the miserable wretch; 'and it's no good for me to fight against it.'

"'It's not the least good,' replied your Uncle Frank decisively; 'and we will go to the police-office at once.'

"So off the burglar went in their custody, leaving poor Aunt Georgey safe and sound after all. And now, don't you think there may be some use in learning everything, even so small a thing as the deaf and dumb alphabet, Dickey?"

"Sometimes," replied the small boy, cautiously, and not wishing to commit himself to the general question.

"It actually saved my life, you see," continued the old lady; "and I didn't break my promise, either, did I, Dickey? I said I wouldn't speak a word, and I didn't; for what I did was what I call speech without words."

"Oh," replied the small boy, cunningly, "that's what you call it, is it? Now, should you like to know what *I* call it?"

"Yes, you funny child, I should," replied his aunt, admiringly.

"Well, Aunt Georgey," said the youthful moralist, as he slipped off Minerva's lap with a wicked laugh, "*I* should call it acting a fib without telling one; and a precious big fib, too?"

An Educated Horse.—The editor of the California Pioneer has a friend, who for hard stories is hard to beat. The Pioneer says:—"He was describing to us the other day, the wonderful qualities of a horse that he had trained, as he expressed it, to do everything. Said he, 'I taught him to sit on a bench by a table, and eat boiled rice with a silver fork.' 'Impossible!' said we. 'Well,' replied Pinto, 'hem! I don't mean exactly a silver fork—it was one of those plated ones you know, cost about eight dollars a dozen.' We said no more."

SOCRATES AND THE YOUNG POLITICIAN.

When Glaukon, the son of Ariston, not yet twenty years old, was obstinately bent on making a speech to the people of Athens, and could not be stopped by his other friends and relations, even though he was dragged from the speaker's bema by main force and well laughed at, Socrates did what they could not do, and by talking with him, checked this ambitious attempt. "So, Glaukon," said he; "it appears that you intend to take a leading part in the affairs of the State." "I do, Socrates," he replied. "And by Jupiter," said Socrates, "if there be any brilliant position among men, *that* is one. For if you attain this object, you may do what you like, serve your friends, raise your family, exalt your country's power, become famous, in Athens, in Greece, and perhaps even among the barbarians, so that when they see you they will look at you as a wonder, as was the case with Themistocles." This kind of talk took Glaukon's fancy, and he stayed to listen. Socrates then went on—"Of course in order that the city may thus honor you, you must promote the benefit of the city. "Of course," Glaukon said. "And now," says Socrates," "do not be a niggard of your confidence, but tell me, in all love, what is the first point in which you will promote the city's benefit." And when Glaukon hesitated at this, as having to consider in what point he should begin his performances, Socrates said—"Of course, if you were to have to benefit the family of a friend, the first thing you would think of, would be to make him richer; and in like manner, perhaps you would try to make the city richer." "Just so," said he. "Then, of course you would increase the revenues of the city. "Probably," said he. "Good. Tell me now, what *are* the revenues of the city, and what they arise from? Of course you have considered these points with a view of making the resources which are scanty become copious, and of finding some substitute for those which fail." "In fact," said Glaukon, "those are points which I have not considered." "Well, if that be the case," said Socrates, "tell me at least what are the expenses of the city; for of course your plan is to retrench anything that is superfluous in these." "But, by Jove," said he, "I have not given my attention to this matter." "Well, then," said Socrates, "we will put off for the present this undertaking of making the city richer; for how can a person undertake such a matter without knowing the income and the outgoings?" Glaukon of course must by this time have had some misgivings, at having his fitness for a prime minister tested by such questioning as this. However, he does not yield at once. "But, Socrates," he says, "there is a way of making the city richer by taking wealth from our enemies." "Doubtless there is," said Socrates, "if you are stronger than they; but if that is not so, you may by attacking them lose even the wealth you have." "Of course that is so," says Glaukon. "Well then," says Socrates, "in order to avoid this mistake, you must know the strength of the city and of its rivals. Tell us first the amount of our infantry, and of our naval force, and, then that of our opponents." "*Oh, I cannot tell you that off hand* and without reference." "Well, but if you have made memoranda on these subjects, fetch them. I should like to hear." "Nay, in fact," he said, "I have no written memoranda on this subject." "So. Then we must at any rate not begin with war; and indeed it is not unlikely that you have deferred this matter too weighty a matter for the very beginning of your statesmanship. Tell us then about our frontier fortresses, and our garrisons there, that we may introduce improvement and economy by suppressing the superfluous ones." Here Glaukon *has* an opinion, probably the popular one of the day. "I would," he says, "suppress them all. I know that they keep guard so ill there, that the produce of the country is stolen." Socrates suggests that the abolition of guards altogether would not remedy this, and asks Glaukon whether he knows by personal examination that they keep guard ill. "No," he says, "but I guess it." Socrates then suggests that it will be best to defer this point also, and to act when we do not *guess*, but *know*. Glaukon assents that this may be the better way. Socrates then proceeds to propound to Glaukon, in the same manner, the revenue which Athens derived from the silver mines, and the causes of its decrease—the supply of corn, of which there was a large import into Attica—and Glaukon is obliged to allow that these are affairs of formidable magnitude. But yet Socrates urges,—No one can manage even one household without knowing and attending to such matters. Now as it must be more difficult to provide for ten thousand houses than for one, he remarks that it may be best for him to begin with one; and suggests, as a proper case to make the experiment upon, the household of Glaukon's uncle, Charmides; for he really needs help. "Yes," says Glaukon, "and I would manage my uncle's household, but he will not let me." And then Socrates comes in with an overwhelming retort. "And so," he says, "though you cannot persuade your uncle to allow you to manage for *him*, you still think you can persuade the whole body of the Athenians, your uncle among the rest, to allow you to manage for *them*." And he then adds the moral of the conversation: What a dangerous thing it is to meddle, either in word or in act, with what one does not know.

The Nobility of England.—The Norwegian pirate got what he could, and held it for his eldest son. The Norman noble, who was the Norwegian pirate baptised, did likewise. There was this advantage of Western over Oriental nobility, that this was recruited from below. English history is aristocracy with the doors open. Who has courage and faculty let him come in. Of course the terms of admission to this club are hard and high. The selfishness of the nobles comes in aid of the interest of the nation to require signal merit. Piracy and war gave place to trade, politics, and letters; the war lord to the law lord; the law lord to the merchant and mill-owner; but the privilege was kept, while the means of obtaining it were changed.—*Emerson.*

THE BEST SCHOOL.

The most prolific school of all has been the school of difficulty. Some of the very best workmen have had the most indifferent tools to work with. But it is not tools that make the workman, but the trained skill and perseverance of the man himself. Indeed it is proverbial that the bad workmen never yet had a good tool. Some one asked Opie by what wonderful process he mixed his colors. "I mix them with my brains, sir," was his reply. It is the same with every workman who would excel. Ferguson made marvellous things—such as his wooden clock, that accurately measured the hours—by means of a common penknife, a tool in everybody's hand; but then everybody is not a Ferguson. An eminent foreign savant once called upon Dr. Wollaston, and requested to be shown over his laboratories, in which science had been enriched by so many important discoveries, when the doctor took him into a little study, and pointing to an old tea-tray on the table, containing a few watch-glasses, test-papers, a small balance, and a blow-pipe, said, "That is all the laboratory that I have!" Stothard learnt the art of combining colors by closely studying butterflies' wings; he would often say that no one knew what he owed to these tiny insects. A burnt stick and a barn-door served Wilkie in lieu of pencil and canvas. Bewick first practised drawing on the cottage walls of his native village, which he covered with his sketches in chalk; and Benjamin West made his first brushes out of a cat's tail. Ferguson laid himself down in the fields at night in a blanket, and made a map of the heavenly bodies by means of a thread with small beads on it stretched between his eye and the stars. Franklin first robbed the thunder-cloud of its lightning by means of a kite made with two cross-sticks and a silk handkerchief. Watt made his first model of the condensing steam-engine out of an old anatomist's syringe, used to inject the arteries previous to dissection. Gifford worked his first problem in mathematics, when a cobbler's apprentice upon small scraps of leather, which he beat smooth for the purpose; whilst Rittenhouse, the astronomer, first calculated eclipses on his plough-handle. In like manner Professor Faraday, Sir Humphry Davy's scientific successor, made his first experiments in electricity by means of an old bottle, while he was still a working bookbinder. And it is a curious fact that Faraday was first attracted to the study of chemistry by hearing one of Sir Humphry Davy's lectures on the subject at the Royal Institution. A gentleman, who was a member, calling one day at the shop where Faraday was employed in binding books, found him poring over the article "Electricity" in an Encyclopedia placed in his hands to bind. The gentleman having made inquiries, found he was curious about such subjects, and gave him an order of admission to the Royal Institution, where he attended a course of four lectures delivered by Sir Humphry. He took notes of the lectures, which he showed to the lecturer, who acknowledged their scientific accuracy, and was surprised when informed of the humble position of the reporter. Faraday then expressed his desire to devote himself to the prosecution of chemical studies, from which Sir Humphry at first endeavored to dissuade him; but the young man persisting, he was at length taken into the Royal Institution as an assistant; and eventually the mantle of the brilliant apothecary's boy fell upon the worthy shoulders of the equally brilliant bookbinder's apprentice.—*Smiles's Self-Help.*

HOW ENGLISH DUCHESSES AND COUNTESSES EMPLOY THEIR TIME.

The following extract from a recent letter of an English traveller, who has had the best opportunities of observation, may surprise some of our fine ladies:

I can assure you that, having lived all my life about in the different castles and manor-houses of Great Britain, and been accustomed to the industrious habits of duchesses and countesses, I was utterly astonished at the *idleness* of American fine ladies. No English woman of rank, (with the exception of a few parvenues,) from the Queen downwards, would remain for one half hour unemployed, or sit in a rocking-chair, unless seriously ill. They almost all (with hardly an exception) copy the letters of business of their husbands, fathers, or brothers; attend minutely to the wants of the poor around them, and even take part in their amusements, and sympathise with their sorrows; visit and superintend the schools; work in their own gardens; see to their household concerns; think about their visitors; look over the weekly accounts, not only of domestic expenses, but often those of the farm and the estate; manage penny clubs in conjunction with the working classes, to help them keep themselves; and with all these occupations, by early hours, they keep up their acquaintance with the literature and politics of the day, and cultivate the accomplishments of music and drawing, and often acquire besides some knowledge of scientific pursuits. The late Marchioness of Lansdowne was so well acquainted with the cottagers in her neighborhood, that she used to visit and look at the corpses of the dead, because she found that her doing so soothed and comforted the bereaved. I have known her to shut herself up with a mad woman in her poor dwelling, who used to lock the door, and could not be induced to admit any one else. Lady Lansdowne's only daughter used one hundred guineas (given her by her father-in-law, Lord Suffolk, to buy a bracelet) to build pig-sties, with his permission, at her husband's little country residence. She educates her own children without assistance, teaching the boys Latin, and the girls all the useful branches of education.

The late Duchess of Bedford, I accidentally discovered when on a visit to Woburn, had for thirty years of her married life risen at six o'clock, summer and winter, lit her own fire, made some tea for the Duke and herself, and then, as he wrote his own letters of business, she copied them, and they came down to a large party of guests at ten o'clock, to dispense breakfast, without saying one word of their matutinary avocations; so that you might have been a visitor of the house without finding out that the Duke and Duchess had transacted the necessary business of the day—before, perhaps, you had risen.

I rather mention those that are gone to their reward, than write of women still among us; but you may believe me when I say that I am constantly among those who live such lives of energy and usefulness—but they so employ themselves without ostentation, or an idea that they are doing more than their simple duty.

"TENTERDEN STEEPLE'S The Cause of the Goodwin Sands."

This proposition is commonly quoted as a flagrant example of bad logic, illustrating the fallacy of the reference *post hoc, ergo propter hoc*. A very quaint account of its origin is given in these words in one of Latimer's sermons:—

"Mr. Moore, was once sent with commission into Kent, to try out, if it might be, what was the cause of Goodwin Sands, and the shelf which stopped up Sandwich Haven. Thither cometh Mr. Moore, and calleth all the country before him; such as were thought to be men of experience, and men that could of likelihood best satisfy him of the matter concerning the stopping of Sandwich Haven. Amongst the rest came in before him an old man with a white head, and one that was thought to be little less than a hundred years old. When Mr. Moore saw this aged man, he thought it expedient to hear him say his mind in this matter; for, being so old a man, it was likely that he knew most in that presence, or company. So Mr. Moore called this old man unto him and said, 'Father, tell me, if you can, what is the cause of the great rising of the sands and shelves here about this haven, which stop it up so that no ships can arrive here. You are the oldest man I can espy in all the company, so that if any man can tell the cause of it, you of all likelihood can say most to it, or at leastwise more than any man here assembled.' 'Yea, forsooth, good Mr. Moore,' quoth this old man, 'for I am well nigh a hundred years old, and no man here in this company anything near my age.' 'Well, then,' quoth Mr. Moore, 'how say you to this matter?' What think you to be the cause of these shelves and sands, which stop at Sandwich Haven?' 'Forsooth, sir,' quoth he, 'I am an old man; I think that Tenterden steeple is the cause of Goodwin Sands. For I am an old man, sir,' quoth he; 'I may remember the building of Tenterden steeple, and I may remember when there was no steeple at all there. And before that Tenterden steeple was in building there was no manner of talking of any flats or sands that stopped up the haven; and therefore I think that Tenterden steeple is the cause of the decay and destroying of Sandwich Haven.'"

"After all, this is not so palpable a *non sequitur* as it appears, for, says Fuller, "One story is good till another is told; and, though this be all whereupon this proverb is generally grounded, I met since with a supplement thereunto; it is this. Time out of mind, money was constantly collected out of the county to fence the east banks thereof against the irruption of the sea, and such sums were deposited in the hands of the Bishop of Rochester; but because the sea had been quiet for many years without encroaching, the bishop commuted this money to the building of a steeple and endowing a church at Tenterden. By this diversion of the collection for the maintenance of the banks, the sea afterwards broke in upon Goodwin Sands. And now the old man had told a rational tale, had he found but the due favor to finish it; and thus, sometimes, that is causelessly accounted ignorance of the speaker, which is nothing but impatience in the auditors, unwilling to attend to the end of the discourse."—*Proverbs of all Nations.—By Walter K. Kelley.*

Aristocracy Running into the Ground.—What race in Europe surpassed in royal position, personal achievement, and romantic adventure, our own Plantagenets—equally wise as valiant, and no less renowned in the cabinet than in the field? But let us look back only so far as the year 1837, and we shall find the great great grandson of Margaret Plantagenet, herself the daughter and heiress of George, Duke of Clarence, following the cobbler's craft at Newport, a little town in Shropshire! Nor is this the only branch from the tree of royalty that has dwarfed and withered. If we were to closely investigate the fortunes of the many inheritors of the royal arms, it would soon be shown that, in sober truth,

"The aspiring blood of Lancaster
Had sunk into the ground,"

aye, and deeply too. The princely stream flows through very humble veins. Among the lineal descendants of Edmund Woodstock, Earl of Kent, sixth son of Edward I., King of England, entitled to quarter the royal arms, occur a butcher and a toll-gatherer; the first, a Mr. Joseph Smart, of Hales Owen; the latter, a Mr. George Wilmot, keeper of the turnpike-gate at Cooper's Bank, near Dudley. Then, again, among the descendants of Thomas Plantagenet, Duke of Gloucester, fifth son of Edward III., we discover Mr. Stephen James Penny, the late sexton at St. George's Hanover Square—a strange descent, from sword and sceptre to the spade and pickaxe!—*Sir Bernard Burke.*

A Hard-hearted Schoolmaster.—A German magazine recently announced the death of a schoolmaster in Suabia, who for fifty-one years has superintended a large institution, with old-fashioned severity. From an average, inferred by means of recorded observations, one of the ushers had calculated that, in the course of his exertions, he had given 911,500 canings, 121,000 floggings, 209,000 custodes, 136,000 tips with the ruler, 10,200 boxes on the ear, and 22,700 tasks by heart. It was further calculated that he had made 700 boys stand on peas, 6,000 kneel on the sharp edge of wood, 5,000 wear the fool's cap, and 1,700 hold the rod. How vast (exclaims the journalist) the quantity of human misery inflicted by a single perverse pedagogue.

TO A WINTER WIND.

Loud wind! strong wind! blowing from the mountains!
Fresh wind! free wind! sweeping o'er the sea;
Pour forth thy vials like torrents from air fountains,
Draughts of life to me!

Clear wind! cold wind! like a northern giant,
Stars brightly threading all thy cloud-driven hair,
Thrilling the blank night with a voice defiant—
I will meet thee there!

Wild wind! bold wind! like a strong-armed angel
Clasp me round!—kiss me with thy kisses divine!
Breathe in my dulled heart thy secret, sweet evangel,—
Mine, and only mine!

Fierce wind! mad wind! howling through the nations!
Knew'st thou how leapeth that heart as thou sweep'st by,
Ah! thou wouldst pause awhile in gentle patience,
Like a human sigh!

Sharp wind! keen wind! piercing as word-arrows,
Empty thy quiver full! Pass on! what is't to thee,
Though in some burning eyes life's whole bright circle narrows
To one misery?

Loud wind! strong wind! stay thou in the mountains!
Fresh wind! free wind! trouble not the sea!
Or lay thy freezing hand upon my heart's wild fountains
That I hear not thee!

CLARA LAKE'S DREAM.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ASHLEY."

V.

A middle-sized comfortable room in a country house was growing dusk and dim in the autumn twilight. The large blazing fire had faded down to red embers, having rendered the atmosphere unpleasantly warm, and a lady seated in a lounging chair had pushed it quite back, so that she was in the shade both from the light and the fire. A look of perplexity, of care, sat on her face, young and lovely though it was, and even in her hands, as they lay, listless, on her lap, there was an air of abandonment.

Her thoughts were buried in a painful retrospect; the retrospect of only the two months past: they had brought grief to her—as the summer did to the unhappy girl, told of in the "Banks of Allan Water." It was Clara Lake, and this paper will close her history. The world, in its hard, matter-of-fact reality, laughs at such histories; but it has to witness such from its nooks and corners, laugh or not laugh.

Had any one told her, the previous August, when she came over to Guild Farm for a two days' visit, that the visit would not be one of days, but of months, she would have disbelieved them. Nevertheless, things had so turned out, all easily and naturally, as it seemed to look back upon, as it seemed to her, now she was tracing its event.

The two days' visit had passed delightfully, and Mrs. Chester pressed them to remain to the end of the week. A happy idea (or the contrary: the reader must judge) came to Mr. Lake before it was over. They had contemplated making alterations in their house at Katterley: two of the rooms were to be enlarged, and the whole repapered, painted, and embellished. Mr. Lake proposed that it should be set about then, instead of deferred till spring, and that they should remain his sister's guests while it was done, paying her of course, *sub rosa*, for Mrs. Chester had a difficulty, as we have said, in making both ends meet. They would not be above a month about the alterations, if they worked well, was Mr. Lake's opinion, and his wife acquiesced, for Mrs. Chester pressed it eagerly. He knew nothing of workmen; builders, carpenters, decorators; the old saying, "If once you get them into a house, you never get them out," seemed to hold true in this instance; for here was October come, and Katterley Lodge was as far off being ready for their reception as ever.

It would have been a very slight grievance, for Mrs. Chester's house was agreeable, and they had no particular home ties. A very slight grievance indeed, under ordinary circumstances: but there was one inhabiting it with them, who was rendering it insupportable to Clara Lake. It was Angeline, Lady Ellis.

Young, good-looking, exacting, living but in admiration, and not scrupulous how she obtained it, provided she got it, she had cast her basilisk eyes, the first hour she met him, on the careless, attractive Frederick Lake, one of those men, wife or no wife, who are ever ready to meet such admiration more than half way. A flirtation was plunged into, pretty deep on both sides, and for a whole month it never gave Mrs. Lake a care or a thought, for she was accustomed to see her husband's admiration given to others: but never yet had a possibility crossed her mind that she could give more than admiration, for she believed his love was hers; hers only; to be hers forever.

Imperceptibly, she could not remember when it first arose, a shade of annoyance, of vexation stole upon her, for the flirtation (we have to call it that, for want of a better name) grew into sentiment, if not to passion; and also to concealment—a bad sign, the latter. And now, that October was come in, and passing, Clara Lake's whole inward life was one scene of pain, of wild jealousy, preying upon her very heart-strings. She had loved her husband with all the fervor of a deeply imaginative nature, and she had believed in him with the perfect trustingness of a refined, unsuspicious English girl.

She sat in her chair there, drawn away from the heat of the fire, but what was that heat, compared to the heat, the inward fever that raged within her?

"If it could but end!" she murmured, "if we could but go back to our home at Katterley!"

Mr. Lake had gone over by the train, that afternoon, to see how it was progressing, and she wondered he was not back. Lady Ellis had disappeared after dinner, Mrs. Chester was in the nursery, where she had a dressmaker at work, making frocks for her children; for she had to practise various little ins and outs of economy; so that Mrs. Lake had the room to herself.

A young girl came in, Fanny Chester, and Mrs. Lake roused herself, glad perhaps of the interruption to her thoughts.

"Is mamma in the nursery still, dear?"

"Yes. She's helping at the skirts, and showing Miss Cooper how she wants the bodies cut. Is Uncle Fred not here?"

"Uncle Fred is not back yet, Fanny."

"Yes he is. I saw him from the window with Lady Ellis, ever so long ago. They were going towards the shrubbery. Will you please reach me one of those old newspapers up there? Mamma sent me for it; she wants to cut a pattern."

Giving the child the newspaper she asked for, and watching her from the room, Mrs. Lake drew to the window and looked out, her heart beating rebelliously. So! he was back, "ever so long ago," and solacing himself with the sweet companionship of Lady Ellis! An impulse, a wild impulse which she could not restrain, led her to open the glass doors and step out into the dusky twilight, willing to see with her own eyes whether the child's information was true. Had she given herself a moment's time for reflection she probably would not have gone, for she was of a highly honorable nature, and the very idea of being a spy, even upon her recreant husband, is abhorrent to such. Had she ever followed them before? No. Though she knew there had been stolen interview upon interview.

It was a raw, foggy evening, and the air struck upon her with a chill as she came out of the heated room. What cared she? Had she been plunged into a bath of ice, she would not have felt it then.

Well, what did she find, or see? Nothing very dreadful, taking it in the abstract, but quite enough to fan the jealous indignation of a wife. The shrubbery appeared to be empty, and she had glided half way down it, when from a cross opening, she caught the sound of advancing footsteps and voices. Retreat was not expedient, for she must pass the opening, and might encounter them; and she darted into an alcove, behind the bench which ran along its front. She had not bargained to get so close to them, and almost hoped the earth might open and bury her alive, rather than she should be seen.

He was toying with one of her hands; they were close enough for Mrs. Lake to see that in the dusk; and his tones were low and tender—the same tones which had been given to *her* before their marriage, and which had won her heart forever. What he was saying, she could not in her agitation tell, but as they were passing her, going from the house, not to it, Lady Ellis spoke.

"Frederick, it is getting dark and cold."

Frederick! And his wife listening! It might have made no difference, had Lady Ellis known that.

"The dark won't hurt you," he softly said. "Are you not with me?"

"But it is damp also. Indeed, since I returned from India, I feel both the cold and damp very much."

She spoke in a timid, gentle tone; as different from her natural tones, as different from those she used to any one *but* him, as can well be imagined. That she had set herself out to gain his love, to trample upon his wife's feelings, to outrage her affections, was a sure fact. How far Lady Ellis contemplated going, or Mr. Lake either, and what they may have anticipated would be the final upshot, how or where it was to end, was best known to themselves; let it lie with them.

"There's a shawl of yours, I think, Angeline, in the summer-house. Sit *you* there while I get it."

He actually placed her on the bench close to where his wife was standing; they touched each other within an inch or two. Clara drew in her breath, and wished the earth *would* open.

He came swinging back with it; a warm, gray woollen shawl.

"All right, Angeline. Don't you remember throwing it off last evening when we were there; I noticed that you left it. Now be quiet. Have you any pins? I'll wrap you up."

She had risen, and he put the shawl upon her, carrying it over her head, and making her sit down again while he "fixed" it, so that only her face was visible, pinning it under her chin; with such care—oh! with such care.

"You are taking as much trouble as though we were going to stop out till midnight," laughed Lady Ellis. "What will your wife think?"

"She doesn't know I am back. And if she did; what then? There; you can't feel the cold now."

"No, I don't think I can."

"But what am I to have for my pains?"

She did not answer. And Frederick Lake, lifting the handsome face to his, kissed it passionately.

"My dearest!" he softly whispered.

They moved away. He with his arm round her; possibly to keep the shawl in its place. And Mrs. Lake stole from her hiding-corner and hastened to the farm; had any one been near, they might have heard a low wail, as of a breaking heart, that came forth and mingled with the inclement evening air.

Some writer remarks—and I think it is Bulwer, in his "Student"—that, to the vulgar, there is but one infidelity in love. It is perfectly true: but I think the word "vulgar" is there misplaced; unless we may apply it to all, whether inmates of the palace or the cottage, whose temperament is not of the ultra-refined. *Ultra*-refined, mind! they of the sensitive, proud, impassioned nature, whose inward life, its thoughts, workings, can never be betrayed to the world, any more than they themselves can be understood by it. They are hardly fit to dwell on this earth, to battle with its sins and its cares: for their spirit is more exalted than is well; it may be said, more etherealized: the gold too highly refined, remember, is not adapted for general use. That the broad, vulgar idea conveyed by the word, infidelity, is not their infidelity, is very certain. It is the unfaithfulness of the spirit, the wandering of the heart's truth to another, that constitutes infidelity for them: and where such comes, it shatters the heart's life, as effectually as a blast of lightning shatters the tree it falls on. *This* was the infidelity that wrought the misery of Clara Lake: that other infidelity, whether it was, or was not to have place, she barely glanced at: her husband's love had left her for another, and what mattered aught else?

She returned, shivering to the house, entering by the glass doors. The fire was nearly out: it wanted stirring and replenishing: she never saw it, never noticed it, but crept up stairs to her own room. We cannot follow her: for you may not doubt that the quarter of an hour she stopped in it, she had *need* to be alone, away from the prying eyes of men.

The warm light came out from the open nursery door as she emerged again, and she went in. Mrs. Chester was running the slate-colored lining to the skirt of a black frock, and Miss Cooper sat at the same table, equally busy. She was the sister of the young man who had driven the train the night of the accident in August; was, like him, steady and well conducted, and many ladies employed her at their houses by day.

"Is it you, Clara?" exclaimed Mrs. Chester. "I shall be down in an instant. Is tea on the table?"

"I—I don't know. I have been in my room," replied Mrs. Lake, sitting in a low chair close to the fire.

A light, quick footstep was heard on the stairs, and Frederick Lake dashed in, a gay smile on his handsome face.

"Pretty housekeepers you are! the fire's out down stairs."

"The fire out!" uttered Mrs. Chester, in consternation. "Clara, dear, what have you been thinking of? you should have rung. Where's Lady Ellis? what will she say of my housekeeping? Fanny, run, and tell one of them to see to it. So you have got back, Fred," she added, to her brother.

"Safe and sound," was his response. "And how are you by this time, Clary?" cried he, as standing between her and the table, he bent down to the low chair where she sat, and kissed her forehead.

It was a cold kiss—a careless matter-of-course sort of kiss, *a la* matrimony. She made no answering response, but the hot crimson dyed her cheeks, as he contrasted it with certain other kisses bestowed by him on somebody else not long before; *they* were passionate enough: rather too much so. Had he noticed, he might have seen his wife press her hand sharply on her bosom: as if she might be trying to hide its tumultuous throbbing.

"And how does the house get on, Fred?" asked Mrs. Chester.

"Slower than ever. You'll have us till Christmas, Penelope, according to the present look-out."

"I hope I shall: although Clara"—turning towards her—"does seem in a fidget to get back."

Clara seemed in a fidget about nothing, just then: she was sitting perfectly still, her face and her eyes cast down. Frederick Lake rattled on, in his own fashion, beginning upon the decorations.

"What's that you are cutting out? a pair of pantaloons for me?"

"It's a pair of sleeves, sir."

"Oh, sleeves: I feared they'd hardly be large enough. By the way, nothing has been done yet about your brother, one way or the other."

"No, sir. It is very hard."

"It is very strange," returned Mr. Lake—"strange there should be this contradiction about the lights. Each side is so positive."

"I am quite certain, sir, that Matthew would not say what was untrue, even to save himself: therefore, when he says it was only the green light that was up, I know it was the green."

"Precisely the same thing that I tell everybody: I have unlimited faith in Cooper."

"And there's Colonel West to bear out what he says, sir, you know. The colonel would not say the green light was up, if it was not."

"No. But then, again, Oliver Jupp and the station people maintain it was red. For my part, I think there must have been a little conjuring going on. Have you been out for a walk to-day, Clara?"

"No."

"You might have come back and taken her," put in Mrs. Chester. "Lady Ellis did not have her walk to-day, failing you. Have you but just got back? Why, no, of course not: the train must have been in more than an hour ago: and there's no other till eight o'clock."

"Oh, they put a special on for me," returned Mr. Lake.

"Don't be stupid, Fred," retorted Mrs. Chester. "You must have been back some time."

"Have it your own way, Penelope, and perhaps you'll live the longer."

"Uncle Fred, you know you were back a long while ago. You stopped in the shrubbery with Lady Ellis."

He looked over the table at the little speaker, caught hold of her by the waist, and swung her round.

"That's the way you see ghosts, is it, Miss Fanny? Take care you don't see them when you are in bed at night. How could you see me in the shrubbery, if I was not there?"

"Be quiet, uncle Fred: put me down. Miss Cooper, the tea is ready in the kitchen, and they are waiting for you. And, mamma, the fire's burning up in the parlor, and the tears carried in."

In a few moments, the only occupants of the nursery were Frederick Lake and his wife. He began speaking of the progress of their house; or, rather, the non-progress. Mrs. Lake—the one dreadful certainty giving rise to other suspicions—wondered whether he had bribed the men to retard it.

"Seriously speaking, Clara, I do think we shan't get back before Christmas."

She had determined upon saying something; what, she hardly knew. But when she tried to speak, she could not; the violent agitation she was in impeded her utterance. She looked up at him, and opened her lips, but no words came; her throat was heaving, her breath panting.

"Clara, you have turned quite white; are you ill?"

"I—I—feel cold," was all she brought out.

"It's a cold, nasty night. Tea will warm you; I suppose it's ready."

He took one of the candles from the table, and went to his own room to wash his hands. His wife was in the same position when he brought it back. "Tea is sure to be ready, Clary; are you coming?"

She rose and followed him down. Mrs. Chester was pouring out the tea, and Lady Ellis, in her black silk dress with its low body and short sleeves, and the ruche of white crape, causing her to look girlish, and younger than she was, sat on the sofa. She had several evening dresses, but they were all black, and all made in the same simple style. Sir George had not been dead twelve months yet, but she had never worn a widow's cap, it would have spoilt her hair, she told them. Very fine, very silky and beautiful did her purple-black hair look that night, and Frederick Lake playfully touched one of the plats, as he sat down beside her.

They began chess after tea, he and Lady Ellis; in one way or other, they generally monopolised each other's evenings. Mrs. Chester was busy with her embroidery, and Clara sat by the fire, reading, or making believe to read. Mrs. Chester's eyes happened to turn upon her, and she burst forth, vehemently.

"Clara! what is the matter?"

Frederick Lake turned quickly round, and looked at his wife. The book had fallen upon her knee, her cheeks were scarlet, her whole frame was shaking. He arose and approached her.

"You are certainly ill, my dear. You must have caught cold. Had you not better take something, and go to bed?"

She lifted her eyes to his, and interrupted sharply. "I shall not go to bed. If I have caught cold, it will be well in the morning. Do not let me disturb your game."

She contrived to repress the shivering, and sat where she was till bed-time, though it was evident, even to herself, that she had caught a violent cold. How *could* she have caught it? wondered Lady Ellis; and Clara bit her tongue to enforce silence, for she could scarcely forbear telling her. Mrs. Chester proposed a host of remedies, but Clara would only consent to try one, a glass of white wine whey, and to have her bed warmed. When the maid quitted the room with the warming-pan, and left the tumbler of whey, she noticed that Mrs. Lake had not begun to undress.

Neither had she when her husband came up. He was surprised. "Why, Clary! I thought you were in bed." She was wrapped in a shawl, and was sitting down, as composedly as though she did not mean to honor the bed for an hour or two. Mr. Lake began to think her manner strange. He laid his hand upon her shoulder.

"Clary, what ails you to-night?"

She shrank from his hand, and replied to his question by asking another. "Why is it that our house is not ready?"

"That's just what I asked the workmen; lazy dogs!"

"We must go back to it as to the rooms are habitable. Will you do so?"

"What in the world for? We are very comfortable here, Clara; and between ourselves, it is a help to Penelope."

"We must go back. I cannot stay."

"But why? Where's the motive?"

She drew her shawl closely round her as if she shivered, and spoke the next words with a jerk, for to get them out required an effort of pain. "What is there between you and Lady Ellis?"

"Between me and Lady Ellis!" echoed Mr. Lake with all the carelessness in life. "Nothing at all. What should there be?"

She bent towards him, and whispered. "Which is it?—which is it *to be*—I, or she?"

"To be—for what?" uttered Mr. Lake, really at a loss.

"Which is it that you love?" she wailed forth.

"Clara, you are growing foolish."

"Don't put me off in this false way," she vehemently uttered. "Why are you always with her, stealing walks and interviews? why do you give to her your impassioned kisses, and call her by endearing names? *Frederick, you will kill me:* have you forgotten my dream? have you forgotten that my coming to this house, as I did do, seemed to shadow forth my death?"

"That dream again, of all things!" sarcastically exclaimed Mr. Lake, dropping, either in temper, or by accident, the hair-brush he had taken in his hand. "I think it's time it was done with. And the notion of my kissing Lady Ellis! and calling her—what did you phrase it?—endearing names! That's the best joke I have heard lately."

She fixed her gaze steadfastly upon him; there was something in it which seemed to say she could convict him of falsehood if she chose, and his eyes fell beneath hers.

"Whatever has come over you, Clary? You must be turning jealous! I never knew you so foolish before."

"No," she wailed, in a tone of pain, "never before, never before. I will not descend to explanation or reproach; you may ask your own conscience how much of the latter you merit. I shall go home to-morrow; I dare not stay in this house with that woman; do you understand me, I *dare* not. You can accompany me if—if—— Frederick, you must choose between us; it must be I, or she."

He did not speak for a minute or two; and when he did, it was in a careless tone, as though he wished to make light of the matter altogether.

"Of course if you have made up your mind to return to an uncomfortable home, half pulled down, we must do so. I am sorry for the caprice, for we shall be choked up with paint and dust."

"Very well. We go to-morrow. I will send Elizabeth over early in the morning, to get things straight for us."

She rose as she spoke, and began to undress. His eyes fell upon the tumbler.

"I do believe this is your white wine whey! It is cold; where's the use, Clara, of drinking it like this? it will do you no good."

"Oh, what does it signify?" was her answer, as if that, and all things else, were a matter of indifference to her.

He quitted the room without speaking, and by-and-by came back with another tumbler, hot, and made her drink it.

But the morrow brought no journey for Mrs. Lake; it brought illness instead. She awoke so exceedingly suffering that the nearest doctor was summoned in haste. He pronounced the malady to be inflammation of the chest and lungs, and forbade her to attempt to leave her bed. He inquired if she knew how she had taken it, and she told him, after a pause of hesitation, that she had gone out of doors from a warm room the previous evening, without putting anything on, and the fog must have struck to her.

Yes; it was so. As the sight she had gone out to witness struck a chill to her heart, so did the cold and damp strike a chill to her frame, and for three weeks she never left her bed. A nice time of it those two must have had down stairs! Frederick Lake, genuinely sorry for her illness, in itself, was quite an exemplary attendant, and would pass half an hour together in the sick-chamber, indemnifying himself by several half-hours with somebody else. Mrs. Chester of course saw nothing; nobody on earth could be more conveniently blind, where her interest was concerned, and it would be unprofitable to her to lose or to offend Lady Ellis. Clara lay and *imagined*—all that might be taking place; the sweet words, the little endearments, the confidential interchange of feeling and thought; it was not precisely the way to get better.

The first time she went down stairs was a dusky afternoon in November. She did not go down then by orders, quite the contrary. She had sat up for some days in her bed-room, and might venture soon, the doctor said, not just yet. She had been much alone that afternoon; Elizabeth had gone over to Katterley on an errand, Mrs. Chester was busy in her household, and Frederick did not come up. She sat feverishly expecting him, but he never came. Very, very dull she felt, very dispirited; when the twilight came on, it made it worse, and she determined to be alone no longer, but to go down.

Wrapping herself up in a thick shawl, as warmly as her husband had wrapped up another that by-gone night, she descended. There was little light in the drawing-room, for the fire was low; but standing over it, talking together, she in her dinner dress, were her husband and Angeline Ellis, his hand round her neck, and resting on her fair shoulder.

"You know, Angeline," he was saying—when at that moment he became conscious that some one had entered to disturb them, and turned his head. Who was it? a muffled-up figure; and Frederick Lake strained his eyes as it came nearer. The next moment he had sprung at least five yards from "Angeline."

"Clara! How could you be so imprudent? You know you ought not to have left your room. Come here, my dear."

Pushing aside Lady Ellis, with, it must be owned, little ceremony, he drew a couch close to the fire in the warmest corner, laid his wife upon it, snatched up a cloth mantle of Mrs. Chester's, which happened to be *lying on a chair, and fenced her in with it from* the draught, should there be any; and edging himself on to the same sofa, as if he would also fence the draught from her, he leaned down and looked at her, waiting till she was calm. For her breath was very labored just then; perhaps with the exertion of coming down, perhaps with mental emotion. Clara Lake possessed eyes as we all do.

"Now tell me why you ventured down," said he, making a prisoner of one of her hands, and speaking in a tender tone.

"I was dull; I was alone," she panted.

"Alone! dull! where's Penelope? where's Elizabeth? I thought they were with you."

She did not explain, or answer. She lay back quietly as he had placed her, her eyes closed, and her white face motionless. For the first time Frederick Lake thought he saw a look of DEATH upon it, and a strange thrill of anguish darted through him. "What a fool I am!" quoth he to himself, the next moment; "it's the reflexion of that fire."

They went in to dinner; not Clara; her appetite had not come to her. There was a fowl upon the table, and Frederick Lake, leaving his own dinner, took some of it to his wife, though his sister assured him it would be useless. He found her in a perfect paroxysm of tears; she was sobbing wildly; left alone to herself, she had given way. He put down the plate, and bent over her.

"My dearest, this will never do. Why do you grieve so? What is the matter?"

"Oh, you know! you know!" she uttered.

There was a dead pause. She employed it in smothering and choking down her sobs.

"I want to go home."

"The very instant that you may go with safety," he readily assented. "If the doctor says you may go to-morrow, Clara, we will do so. I must not have my dear little wife grieve like this."

No response.

"I have brought you a bit of fowl, Clara; try and eat it."

She waved it away, briefly saying she could not touch it, she could not eat; she waved him away. And Frederick Lake carried the plate and the fowl back to the dining-room, not feeling altogether upon the best terms with himself.

"I knew she would not touch it," exclaimed Mrs. Chester.

"Is she sulking?" whispered Lady Ellis to Mr. Lake, next to whom she sat, the two little girls being opposite, as she cast her brilliant and fascinating eyes upon him.

He was not quite bad; he cared for his wife, probably as much as he had ever done, although he had become enthralled by another, according to his light and unsteady nature. A haughty flush darkened his brow, and he pointedly turned from her without answering.

What of that? He had forgotten it in a few minutes, and was as deep in the affair as ever. Clara lay on the sofa the whole evening, and they gathered round her, but when tea was over, they, he and Lady Ellis, began their chess again, while Mrs. Chester sat by Clara and talked.

In three days more they left Guild Farm, and returned to Katterley.

House, at last!

VI.

The difference of opinion, touching the lights at the railway station, on the night of the fatal accident, was causing no small sensation. That one party should stand to it the lights were red, and that the other should stand to it they were green, was astonishing from one simple fact; namely, that both sides were worthy of credit. The coroner had significantly remarked upon the "hard swearing somewhere," but, on which side could that reproach attach to? Even allowing that the station-master, the porter, and the switchman, had ventured on some "hard swearing" out of regard to a little private self-whitening (though there was no reason to suppose that they had) it was quite certain that Oliver Jupp would do nothing of the sort, and he bore unequivocal testimony that the danger signals, red, *were* up. On the other hand, the prisoner, Cooper—he was virtually a prisoner, though out on bail—was known to be a most truthful and respectable man, incapable, it was fully believed, of telling a lie; and, to bear him out, was the unimpeachable testimony of Colonel West, who asserted, as he did, that the lights were green. The coroner and jury could arrive at no decision, and the inquest was adjourned time after time, from one three weeks to another, until the county was getting tired of it. Cooper, meanwhile, was suspended from employment, and stood a chance of being reduced to straits, if it lasted much longer. The colonel and Oliver Jupp, who were intimate, made rather merry over it when they met, each accusing the other of having "seen double," but neither would give way an inch. The public were confounded, and knew not which side to believe; neither of the two gentlemen had the slightest personal interest in the matter; they spoke to further the ends of justice alone, and the one was equally worthy of credit with the other.

Affairs were in this state, when a gentleman arrived in the neighborhood on a visit, a Dr. Macpherson, L.L.D. and F.R.S. He was a man who had devoted his whole life to science; nothing came amiss to him; and, amidst other things, he was very learned in phrenology; being as much at home in it as we *poor* unlearned mortals are, in reading a newspaper; or as Frederick Lake was, in making himself agreeable to a pretty woman.

The moment the puzzling difference of assertion, as to the lights, was mentioned to the professor—as the learned man was familiarly called—he gave it as his opinion that it must be a case of color blindness; or a deficiency in the organ of color, either on one side or on the other.

"Then more than one must have been deficient in it," debated his hearer, politely smothering his inclination to laugh. For it is a certain fact that very clever and sensible men do decline to adopt the theory of organs and bumps.

"Undoubtedly," replied the professor.—"And where is the wonder! It is a deficiency far more general than is suspected."

He was brought into contact with Colonel West and Oliver Jupp, and his opinion stated to them. Oliver believed he might be right; the colonel *was simply astonished* at the assertion.

"Not know colors?" cried he, "why, what have our eyes been about all our lives, Mr. Professor? My sight is keen and clear; and I never heard there was anything amiss with Mr. Oliver Jupp's."

"It has nothing whatever to do with a keen sight—in the way you are thinking of," returned Dr. Macpherson. "Nay, it frequently happens that those who are afflicted with color blindness possess a remarkably good and clear sight. The defect is not in the vision; it lies in the absence of the organ of color."

"That's logic," laughed the colonel.

"Look here," said the doctor, endeavoring to make the theory plain to him. "You will allow that men are differently endowed. One man will have the gift of calculation in an eminent degree, and will go through a whole ledger swimmingly, while his friend by his side labors at a single column of it; another will possess the organ of music, so largely that he will probably make you a second Mozart, while his own brother can't tell one tune from another, and could not learn to play if his very life depended on it; one man will draw you, untaught, plans and buildings of wondrous and beautiful design, but another, who has served his stupid apprenticeship to the art, cannot accomplish a pigsty, fit for a civilized pig to lie in—and so I might go on, illustrating examples all day. Now, gentlemen, I ask you why should color be an exception—I mean the perception, the faculty of distinguishing color? Believe me, it is not an exception. A great many people do possess it, in fact, the greater portion do, but there are numbers who do not."

The colonel laughed still.

"And you think that I and Mr. Jupp do not?"

"Pardon me," said the professor, laughing also, "I never said you both did not; had that been the case, you probably would not have been in opposition to each other. But I have been using my own since we stood here, and I see which of you has the defect. One of you possess the organ of color (as we call it) in a full degree; the other does not possess it at all. It lies here."

Dr. Macpherson raised his fingers to his eyebrow and pointed out a spot near its middle. The colonel and Oliver Jupp immediately passed their fingers over their eyebrows, somewhat after the manner of a curious child. Oliver's eyebrows were prominent; the colonel's remarkably flat.

"You can testify by experiment whether I speak right or wrong, Colonel West; but I give it as my opinion that you are not able to distinguish colors."

For some moments the colonel could not find his tongue.

"I never heard of such a thing in all my life!" cried he. "Do you mean to say that I can see the blue sky (turning his face upwards), and not know it's blue?"

"You know it is blue, and call it blue, because you have heard it so called all your life," returned the undaunted professor. "But, if half the sky were blue, and half green, you would not be able to say which was the green half and which the blue."

"That caps my wife," said the colonel, good-humoredly. "She has a blue parasol and a green one; if she sends me in-doors for the green, she says I bring her the blue; and if for the blue, I bring her the green. She sets it down to inattention, and lectures me accordingly."

"You could not have given us a better confirmation that my opinion is right," smiled Dr. Macpherson, glancing at those around him. "But may I ask what you have set it down to?"

"I? Not to anything. It never troubled me."

The professor actually clapped his hands. "What you acknowledge is so true to nature, colonel! Those who, like you, are affected with color blindness, can rarely be brought to believe in their own defect. It is a fact that the greater portion of them are not conscious of it: they really don't know that they cannot distinguish colors; or if they have an idea that they may not be so quick in that particular as some, they do not think of questioning the cause: to use your own expression, it does not trouble them. I understand you maintain that, the night of the accident, the same light was up, green, which generally is up."

"Yes," replied the colonel.

"Now I will tell you how to account for that. It was not so much that you could be sure the *green* light was up, as that you could not distinguish any difference between the one you saw, and the one you were accustomed to see. You could not discern the difference, I say, and therefore you maintained it to be, as you believed, the same one—the green."

"This seems plausible enough, as you state it," observed the colonel, "but, pray why should it not be my young friend, Jupp, who was mistaken—and not I?"

The professor shook his head. "I am quite sure that this gentleman"—indicating Oliver Jupp—"can never be mistaken in colors or in their shades, so long as he retains his eyesight to see anything: he has the organ very largely developed. I am right, colonel," he added, nodding.

"But what do you say to Cooper, the driver?" returned the colonel. "He says it was green: and everybody agrees that he would only assert what was true."

"What he thought was true," corrected Dr. Macpherson. "There is little doubt, in my mind, that Cooper's case will turn out to be like your own—a case of color blindness. He could not distinguish the difference in the light from the ordinary light, and believed it to be the same."

The strange opinion avowed by Dr. Macpherson—strange indeed, was it, to the primitive ears of the country place—obtained weight, and it was determined to test the sight, so far as color went, of Cooper. Colonel West good-humoredly proposed that his own also should be tested. The instant the professor cast his eyes on Cooper's face—who was sent for to Coombe Dalton—he pronounced him to labor under the defect, even in a greater degree than Colonel West.

Night came, several colored lamps were provided, and those interested assembled at the station. The professor was constituted master of the ceremonies, and proceeded to his task, by running up a light to the signal post. "What is it?" asked he, addressing the two who were on trial.

"It's green," said the colonel.

"It's red," said Cooper.

And there was a general laugh. For the lamp was blue.

He next ran up two lamps.

"What are they?" he asked.

There was a dead silence. *Neither Cooper nor the colonel could tell.*

"I think they are green and white," hazarded Cooper, at length.

"And I say they are red and blue," cried the colonel.

They were white and blue.

Then the four lamps were exhibited, and the mistakes made by both essayists kept the platform in a roar. The colonel did tell which was the white—but it was probably more of a guess than a certainty. They could distinguish "a difference," they said, between two or more colors when exhibited at once, but were unable to state what that difference was. By the time the experiment came to an end, the fact had been fully established that both Colonel West and Matthew Cooper labored under the defect of color blindness.

"Cooper," said Oliver Jupp, in a good-natured tone, "they must never make an engine driver of you again."

"Well, I don't know, sir," returned Cooper, who seemed very chap-fallen, "if it's true what this strange gentleman says, why—I suppose it is true. But I hope they'll make something else of me: I know I am keen enough at most things. If a man is deficient in one line, he may be all the quicker in another."

"Now you have given utterance to a truism, without perhaps knowing it," interposed the professor, cheerily. "Be assured that where a defect does exist, it is amply made up for by the largeness of some other gift. Never fear that an intelligent man, like you, will want employment, because you are found not suited to the one they placed you on."

"About the worst they could have given him," remarked Oliver, as he walked away with the doctor. "An engine driver ought, of all people, to be able to distinguish colors."

"There are some of our engine drivers who do not though," replied the doctor, lowering his voice. "Several of our worst accidents have occurred from this very fact."

"Do you think so?"

"I know it. It is a more frequent defect than would be thought, this absence of the organ of color, but it is one that no attention has been hitherto given to; a subject that, with some, excites ridicule. A company, engaging an engine driver, would as soon think of testing his capacity for eating a good dinner as that of being able to distinguish signal lights. Most essentially necessary is it, though, that drivers, present or future, should undergo the examination."

"It seems so to me," said Oliver. "And always will—after this night's experiment."

"And until such examination is made general, I should change the form of the signal lamps," remarked the professor. "Let the green, or safe signal be one form and small; the red or danger signal be as different as it could be made and large: so different that it could not fail to catch the eye. For, look you, a head, deficient in the organ of color, will usually have that of form very much developed: and if a driver could not see the light, he might the form; and so save his train."

Now, reader, all this is a little bit of truth, a fact from the past, woven into story for you. And if you don't choose to believe it, you must not cavil at it. I can tell you that if you would only search out and mark for yourself, you would find that blindness to color is by no means an uncommon defect: and that it has existed and does exist in some of the engine drivers.

VII.

The winter came on. And how grew Clara Lake? Better? Well, she did not seem to grow much better; at anyrate, not well, and the old doctor at Katterley, who had known her constitution from infancy, appeared puzzled. She dressed, as in her days of health, and went about the house; on fine days would go out for a walk in the sunshine; but she remained weak and debilitated, and could not get rid of her cough.

And Mr. Lake? Oh, he was very well, and chiefly divided his leisure between his wife and Lady Ellis; now at home with the one, now at Guild, saying (it must be assumed) soft nothings to the other. Of course he never went for the sake of seeing my lady; certainly not; there was an excuse ever ready. Mrs. Chester had given him this commission, and he must go and report to her; or Mrs. Chester had given him the other; or he went over to escort some of the Jupps; or he had business with his tailor; for he had fallen into a freak to employ one who lived at Guild; an excuse for taking himself to Guild never failed. What could Clara say, or do? could she descend to say to him, You shall not go there? No; she suffered in silence; but it was killing her.

"Clary, I have promised to spend Christmas-day with Penelope."

A sudden rush of color to her wasted cheeks, and a response that was faint and low.

"Have you?"

"She would not take a denial. You will be able to go?"

"I go!"

She shook her head.

"My dear, I tell you what it is," he resumed, in a chafed voice, "you will fancy yourself ill and lie by and say you can't go out, till it will end in your being ill."

"Do you think I am well?"

"You are not strong. But if you would rouse yourself and go out and about, and shake off fancies, you would soon become so. You have not been over to Guild since we came home."

"You make up for it then, for you are there often enough," she could not help retorting.

"Something or other happens to take me there," he returned, seizing the poker and knocking the coal. "You will go on Christmas-day, Clary; Penelope is preparing for us."

"No. I am not well enough. And if I were, *I should prefer to be at home.* Say no more," she added, passionately, interrupting what he was about to urge, "you ought not to wish me to go there."

A long silence.

"I shall go. I must. I can't get off it."

She did not speak.

"What is to be done, Clara? It will never do for me to spend Christmas day there, and you to spend it at home." And he finished the clause by breaking out, half singing, half muttering, into the lines of a popular ditty, that our childhood was familiar with:

"To-morrow is our wedding-day, and all the world would stare
If wife should dine at Edmonton, and I should dine at Ware.

What's to be done, Clara?"

She sat with her hands folded before her, and did not immediately answer. If *he* could not tell what was to be done, or what ought to be done, she would not.

"You must do as you think right," she said, with a slight stress upon the word. "I am to unwell to be anywhere but at home on Christmas-day."

Mr. Lake went to Guild. Not doing as he thought *right*, for his conscience was giving him a sharp twinge or two, but following the bent of his inclination, which urged him into the sunshine of my lady's smiles. Clara felt worse that morning, but she attended church, and he with her; he quitting, selon les regles, when the service was over, she waiting for the more solemn service that was to follow. When she reached home it was nearly two o'clock, and my lord was walking about, all impatience, for his train started at two. With a farewell to his wife, full of paraded affection, he took himself off to the station, telling her to mind and eat a good dinner, and to drink his health and her own in champagne.

Very considerably astonished was he, to find himself burst in upon at Mrs. Chester's by Mary Anne Jupp. They had dined, all coolly; and Mrs. Chester's children, with two of the Clapperton girls, who were guests that day, had retired to another room to make what noise they pleased, leaving Mrs. Chester, my lady, and Frederick Lake at dessert. Mary Anne came in without ceremony and out of breath, having run from Guild station, walked up to him, and spoke:

"Would you see your wife before she dies?"

He rose in consternation; Mrs. Chester rose; *she* sat still, listened and looked. His very lips were white as he asked for an explanation.

It was given in a sharp ringing manner. One of the servants had gone in, and found Mrs. Lake lying on the floor; whether she had fainted, or whether she might have fallen over anything, they could not tell, and as they were raising her up, blood issued from her mouth; a vessel on the chest or lungs had given way. The doctor was summoned, and Elizabeth ran up for Mary Anne Jupp.

"Will you go to her?" asked the young lady of Mr. Lake, as she finished her recital. "Or am I to take word back that you will not?"

"Why do you say that to me?" he uttered, with emotion.

"My dear Miss Mary Anne!" struck in Mrs. Chester, in a tone of remonstrance.

Now Mary Anne Jupp was an exceedingly upright-minded, right-feeling young woman; her sisters were the same; and they had, for a long while past, greatly condemned what was going on—the absurd infatuation subsisting between Frederick Lake and Lady Ellis, and his neglect of his wife. *Their* eyes had been open to it, if nobody else's had; and Mary Anne, in her impulsive way, threatened that one day she should "speak out her mind of the lot." That day had come.

"Why do I say it to you?" she replied, in her indignant anger; "it is time some one said it to you. You have been killing her by inches; yes, I speak to all of you," she said, throwing her eyes around, "you have been killing his wife by inches; you, Angeline Ellis, with your false and subtle snares, and you, Penelope Chester, with your complacent winking at sin. He is weak and foolish—look at him, as he stands there in his littleness!—but he would scarcely have been wicked, had not you drawn him to it. You wonder that I can thus speak out"—drowning some interrupting words of Mrs. Chester's—"is it right for me to be silent, a hypocritical glosser over of crime, when she is dying? I am a gentlewoman, with an English gentlewoman's principles about me, and I hope some Christian ones; it behoves such to speak out sometimes."

"You are mad," gasped Mrs. Chester.

"You have been mad, to allow this conduct in your house—folly, frivolity, much that is bad going on under your very eyes. Had your brother been a single man, it might have been deemed excusable by some: never by me: but he had a fair young wife, and you deliberately set to work to injure her. You did, Penelope Chester: to encourage ill by winking at it, is the same thing as committing it. I say nothing more to *you*," she added, turning upon Lady Ellis with ineffable scorn: "you may remember certain words you said to me regarding Mr. Lake and his wife, the first afternoon you came here: I did not understand them then, I do now; and I know, that in that first hour of your meeting, you were laying your toils around him to gain his admiration and sever him from his wife. If you retain a spark of feeling, of conscience, the grave of Clara Lake will be as a sharp iron, ever eating into it."

Lady Ellis rose, her jet black eyes flashing.

"Who are you, that you should dare thus insult me?"

Mary Anne Jupp dropped her tone to one of calmness—mockingly calm it was, considering the scorn that mingled with it.

"I have told you who I am: an English gentlewoman: and with such I should think you will never henceforth presume to consort."

Frederick Lake made no comment or retort, good or bad. He took out his watch, saw that he had time, too much of it, to catch the next train, and quitted the room. Up started Mrs. Chester.

"If Clara is in this state I ought to go to her. Mary Anne, are you——"

Mary Anne turned short round, and interrupted.

"I do not pretend to control your movements; but, were I you, I would at least allow them to be alone in her last hours. You have come between them enough, as it is, Mrs. Chester: neither can the sight of you be pleasant to her."

She left the room, condescending no farewell to either of those she left in it, and followed in the steps of Mr. Lake, taking care not to overtake him. On the platform, as the train was dashing in, he spoke to her.

"Your accusations have been harsh, Mary Anne."

"What has your conduct been?" she sharply retorted. "I loved your wife: and I feel her unhappy fate as keenly as though it had fallen on one of my sisters. The world may flatter and caress you, for it is wondrously tender to these venial sins of conduct: but you cannot recall her to life, whom you vowed before God to love and cherish."

"Step in; the train is going."

"Not in that carriage—with you. Others are in it, and I might be saying things that they would stare at. My temper is up, to-day."

"First class, miss? There's only that there one first class on."

And Mary Anne Jupp walked away, and opened the door of another, which was a third: and took her seat in it.

Thus they reached Katterley. Clara Lake was in less immediate danger than Miss Jupp had supposed, for the blood vessel, which had broken, proved to be only a small one on the chest; not the lungs. To her husband it appeared incomprehensible that she should be in any danger at all; he had never admitted the probability of it.

A day or two, and she was up, and in a small adjoining sitting-room, carried in by him. His love had come back to him, now it was too late—it may be more appropriate perhaps to say his senses had come back to him. Late in the afternoon, he left her comfortably seated in the easy-chair, took his hat, and went out.

His errand was to the doctor's. His wife seemed to assume she should not recover, the servants the same: for all he saw, she might be well in a week or two: and he went to put the question.

"Is she, or is she not, in danger?" he asked. "Tell me the plain truth."

The old man—he was a personal friend of theirs, as well as medical attendant—laid his hand upon Frederick Lake's shoulder.

"Will you hear the truth?"

"I am come to hear it."

"Then I must tell you that she is in danger. And I fear that a little time will see the end."

Very rapidly beat his pulses as he listened: repentant pulses: a whole lifetime of repentance seemed, in that moment, to be in every one of them.

"But what is killing her? what is it?"

"The primary cause is of course that cold she caught at Guild. It laid hold of her system. Still, I think she might have rallied: many a time, since she came home, I have deemed her all but well again. You ought to know best, Master Fred, but to me it appears as though she had some grievance on her mind, and that it has been working mischief. I hope you have been a good husband, as Joan says to Hodge," added the doctor, turning from Frederick to take a pinch of snuff, "for your wife has possessed one of those highly sensitive, rarely-refined temperaments, that an unkind blow would do for. I once told you this."

He made no comment, and the old gentleman continued.

"The body was a healthy body; there was no inherent disease, and I cannot see why it should not have recovered; but the mind seemed to pull it back; two powers, one working against the other. Between them they have conquered, and will lay her low."

"Do you call it consumption?" he jerked out.

"Decidedly not. More of a decline: a waste of the system."

"Those declines are got over sometimes."

"Not often: when they fairly set in."

"Oh, doctor," he cried, clasping the old man's hands, and giving vent to some of the anguish that was rending him, "try and save her? Save her for my sake! you don't know the cause I have to ask it."

"I wish I could—for both your sakes. But she is beyond earthly aid."

He returned home. The shades of evening were on the room, but the blaze from the fire played on his wife's wasted face. He drew a chair close to her, and took her hand in his as he sat down.

"I know where you have been, Frederick: and I guess for what purpose."

"Ah."

"Margaret Jupp has been here, and she said she saw you turn in to the doctor's. You went to ask him whether I should get well. He told you No: for he knows I shall not. Was it not so?"

She leaned a little forward to look at him.—He suddenly clasped her to his breast with a gush of passionate tenderness, and his hot tears fell upon her face.

"Oh, my darling! my darling!"

"It must be," she softly whispered. "There is no appeal against it now."

"Clara, if we are indeed to part, at least let perfect confidence be restored between us," he resumed, controlling his emotion with an effort. "What is it that has killed you?"

"Need you ask? If *she* had never become between us I should have been well now."

"I cannot understand it," he wailed. "I have been foolish and wrong, though not perhaps so much so as you may have imagined: but surely, taking it at its worst, it was not sufficient cause to bring you to death."

"Your love left me for another. It was that which seemed to me more than I could bear."

"My love? oh no. It was but a passing ——" the word at his tongue's end was "fancy," but he substituted another—"folly. My darling, do not give me more than my share of blame, that will be heavy enough to bear. The old man says, that violent cold was the primary cause of decay; surely that cannot be charged upon me."

She was silent a few moments; but, as he had said, there ought to be full confidence between them now. "I will tell you how I caught that cold. Do you remember the night?"

"Not particularly." He was of a forgetful nature; and it was only one of many such others.

"*Don't* you remember it? When you were walking with—her—in the shrubbery in the raw twilight, and she complained of cold, and you went for her shawl from the summer-house, leaving her seated on a bench? You brought it back, and folded it lovingly round her, and kissed her as you did so, whispering——"

In great astonishment he raised his wife's face to gaze into it. Where had she learnt that little private episode? Had she dreamt it? He did not ask; he only stared at her.

She bent down her head again to its resting-place, and folded his arm round her in forgiveness. "I was standing there, Frederick, behind the bench. I saw and heard all."

Not a word spoke he. He hardly dared to accept the movement of forgiveness, or to press her to him. Had she glanced up she would have seen his face in a glow.

"It was very thoughtless of me to run out from the heated room on that cold, damp night, and without anything on. But oh! I was so unhappy—scarcely, I think, in my senses. I thought you had not returned from Guild; Fanny came in, and said you had been home a long while, and were with *her*. An impulse took me that I would go and see; I had never done such a thing before; never, never; before or since; and I opened the glass doors and went out. I was half way down the shrubbery when I heard you coming into it from a cross walk, and I darted where I tell you, to hide myself, not to spy upon you."

She paused, but was not interrupted.

"So you see that, in a measure, she was the cause of the cold which struck to me. And then I was laid up, and many a time, when you deemed I should fancy you were out shooting, you were with her. I knew it all. And since we came home, you have been ever restless to go to her—leaving me alone—even on Christmas-day!"

Ay: even on Christmas-day. He almost gnashed his teeth, in self-condemnation. She, with her impassioned and entire love for him, with her rare and peculiar temperament that, as the doctor had observed, a rude blow would destroy! He no longer wondered why she was dying.

"It was all to be, Frederick. You remember the dream—how it shadowed forth that I was to meet, in some way, my death through going to Mrs. Chester's."

"Child! can you still dwell upon that dream?"

"Ay. And so will you, when the hearse comes here to take me away. Never was a dream more completely worked out. I have something else to tell you; about it, and her. The very first moment I met her at your sister's, her eyes puzzled me; those strangely jet-black eyes. I could not think where I had seen them. They seemed to be so familiar to my memory, and I thought and thought in vain, even when the weeks went on. On this very same night that I have been telling you of, I alarmed you by my looks. Mrs. Chester called out, and you, who were at chess with—with her, came up to me as I sat by the fire. I was shaking, and my cheeks were scarlet, somebody exclaimed. Frederick, I was shaking with fear, with undefined dread: for, an instant before, as I sat looking at her eyes, it had flashed into my mind whose eyes they were."

"Well? Whose?" he asked, for she paused.

"They were those of the man who drove the hearse in my dream," she whispered, in an awe-struck tone. "The very same; nobody else's. You must recollect my describing them to you when I awoke; 'strangely black eyes, the blackest eyes I ever saw,' though of his face I retained no impression. It was singular it should have flashed upon me then, when I had been for weeks trying to get the thread of the mystery."

"Oh Clara, my darling, these superstitious feelings are very sad!" he remonstrated. "You ought not to indulge them."

"Will you tell me how I could have avoided them? It was not my fault that the dream came to me; or that the eyes of the driver were *her* eyes: or that my death has been induced through going to Mrs. Chester's. You, Mrs. Chester, both, seemed to help me on to it in my dream; and as surely as the man appeared to drive me to the grave in the hearse, so has *she* driven me to it in reality. I wrote out the dream in full at the time, and you will find the paper in my desk. Read it over when I am gone, and reflect how completely it has been fulfilled."

He was silent. A strange feeling of superstition was beginning to creep over himself.

"Will you let me ask you something?" she whispered, presently.

He bent his tearful face down upon hers. "Ask me anything."

"When—I—am—no longer here, shall you marry her?"

Frederick Lake darted up with a tremendous word, almost flinging his wife's face from him. His anger bubbled over a few moments; not at his wife's question, but at the idea it suggested.

"Marry *her*! Her! I would rather take a pistol, and shoot myself through the heart. And—sin as it implies—I assert it before my Maker."

Clara opened her arms. "Then you do not love her as you have loved me!"

He flung himself on his knees before her, and sobbed aloud in his repentant anguish. She leaned over him endearingly, stroking his face and his hair.

"I only wanted to know that. The misery is over now, darling. For the little while we have to be together, let us be as happy as we used to be."

Emotion shook him to the very centre as he listened. Scarcely twice in a lifetime can a man give way to such. For the little while they had to be together! Ay. As Mary Anne Jupp had said, he could not recall her back to life; he could not keep her here to make reparation.

Later, when she was lying back in her chair exhausted, and he stood by the mantlepiece, gazing at her with his yearning eyes, hot and feverish after their tears, Elizabeth came to the room and said Mrs. Chester was below, asking if she might come up. Clara said Yes, and Mr. Lake, not caring to meet her, quitted the room. But she had been very quick, and encountered him at the door.

"There's a friend in the drawing-room, Fred, if you would like to see her," was his sister's greeting.

He went down mechanically; his thoughts flew to no one in particular; somebody might have called. In another moment he stood face to face with Angeline Ellis. The exceeding unfitness of her visit, the bad taste which it betrayed, after the public explosion of Mary Anne Jupp, struck upon him with dismay—perhaps the recent interview with his wife also helped the feeling. He bit his angry lips.

She extended to him her delicately gloved hand, lavender, sewn with black, and melted into her sweetest smiles. He glanced at her bold, coal-black eyes, as they flashed in the rays of the lamp, remembered the eyes of his wife's dream, and—shuddered.

"You are indeed a stranger to Guild," she said. "Has that mad woman, Mary Anne Jupp, persuaded you that you will be poisoned if you come?"

He did not choose to see her offered hand.

"I can no longer spare time from my wife, Lady Ellis; I have spared too much from her."

His cold words chilled her unpleasantly.

"It is really true that she is dying, we hear," she said, in a tone of marked indifference.

"She is dying," he hoarsely answered, "dying through our folly. I beg your pardon, my lady; it had been better, perhaps, that I had said *my* folly. It is a folly that will give me a lifetime of bitter repentance. Take a seat, I beg; Mrs. Chester will not be long, I imagine, before she returns to you."

He quitted the room; and she compressed together her thin lips, which had turned white, for she fully understood that he had quitted her and "the folly" forever.

In a little time, long before the buds of spring were breaking, a hearse stood at the door of Katterley Lodge, with its plumes of feathers and its array of mutes. Something was shut into it, and the procession started, Frederick Lake gathering himself into the darkest corner of the mourning-coach behind it, his white handkerchief covering his face.

He had searched for the paper in his wife's desk and studied the details of the dream, there written; he had recalled and studied the events which had followed upon it, ending with the hearse that was now pacing before him. Reader, you can turn back to the two papers preceding this, and see whether you come to the conclusion that he did—that the ill-omened dream had been fully borne out, in its strange working.

THE END.

BOARD OF HEALTH.—The number of deaths during the past week in this city was 217—Adults 94, and children 123.

NEWS ITEMS.

HON. JUDGE MASON, of Iowa, who made himself so popular with the inventors of the country, while he held the office of Commissioner of Patents, has, we learn, associated himself with Munn & Co., at the Scientific American office, New York.

THE value of the censorship of the press, so common in Europe, is illustrated by a letter from St. Petersburg, which says: "There is a good story going the rounds of the city of one of the official critics, who struck out of a manual of chemistry—by the way, the first book of the kind printed in Russia—the name of Prussic acid, alleging as his reason for so doing that it was an insult to the Emperor for so deadly and virulent a poison to bear the name of the country governed by the uncle of his Majesty.

CONNECTICUT CIDER.—More cider is said to be made in Connecticut than in any other State. In the town of Cheshire alone, four establishments have made the past season from 1,500 to 2,000 barrels each. When clarified, this cider is as pure as wine, and sells readily in New York, at $4 per barrel. It is then bottled and sold in the Southern States at $6 per dozen. The business is said to be rapidly increasing.

A REPORT from the committee appointed by the New York Chamber of Commerce to investigate the subject of sanded cotton, takes ground against any specific legislation on the subject. The best remedy, it suggests, is a general resolution of buyers on both sides of the Atlantic to return the defective article; in which case the committee suppose "that some experience in paying $25 charges in place of $5 or $10 damages, would convince the factors that some better plan is needed."

POISONOUS TOYS.—A Belgium medical journal gives an account of the narrow escape from death of a child, about a year old, by poison. It appeared to be in dreadful pain, and foamed at the mouth, and upon being taken to an apothecary at Bossu, it was found that it had been poisoned by sucking the painted face of a doll. The white lead in paint is one of the most powerful poisons known, and the journal very properly suggests that toy-makers should be prohibited using poisonous substances in painted playthings.

A SINGULAR APPLICATION FOR A DIVORCE.—Mrs. Nancy Oakes, of Boston, after living with her husband twenty years, refused to remove with him to Somerville, on the plea that all her relatives and friends resided in the modern Athens. To free himself from this useless incumbrance, Mr. Oakes brought a writ for divorce on the ground of desertion, and Mrs. Oakes urged a countersuit, alleging extreme cruelty. Nothing further than his desire that his wife should live with him was proved against the husband, and a decree was issued in his favor.

JUNIOR APPLIED TO FEMALE NAMES.—It is seldom that a mother and daughter having the same Christian name are distinguished otherwise than as Mrs. and Miss; but a single instance of the daughter's being called junior has come to my knowledge. Among the grantees in the charter of Irasburgh, Vt., appear the names of Jerusha Enos and Jerusha Enos, *Jr.*, well known to be the wife and daughter of one of the early settlers.—*Historical Magazine.*

STRAW PAPER PERFECTED AT LAST.—It is stated in a late English journal that Dr. Collyer has succeeded in manufacturing a paper from straw, which is in every respect equal to rag paper—many reams having already been finished. By his mode of treating the straw he splits it and separates the silecia and gluten without in any way injuring the fibre. Baron Liebig has pronounced a very favorable opinion of the invention.

THE WHITE MOUNTAINS.—The Boston Transcript is informed that the thermometer at Lancaster, N. H., on Wednesday morning at 7 o'clock, in different exposures, ranged from 33 to 38 degrees below zero!

ENGLAND has concluded a treaty with Honduras, by which the Bay Islands are ceded to that republic. There now remains to be adjusted only the less important question of the surrender of the Mosquito protectorate by Great Britain to Nicaragua, to complete the settlement of the difference between England and the United States, growing out of the Clayton-Bulwer treaty.

AARON DWIGHT STEVENS, the Harper's Ferry Insurrectionist, is to be tried sometime during the winter—perhaps during the present month of January—by the Virginia State authorities, at Charlestown, and not by the United States authorities as at first proposed.

BENJAMIN THURMAN, late Sheriff of Hawkins county, Tenn., died recently from the following singular cause: While throwing on his overcoat he struck his hand on the door-knob, and slightly abraded the skin; he then put on a wet glove and rode several miles, took a chill; gangrene, and perhaps tetanus, followed—resulting in his death on the seventh day.

JOHN BROWN'S POCKET KNIFE.—A citizen of Harper's Ferry, says the Richmond Enquirer, has just forwarded for presentation to Gov. Wise, the veritable pocket knife of John Brown. It is an old jack knife, a bone handle and two blades, and has evidently seen much service. A small brass plate on the handle is engraved with the name "John Brown." On one side of the large blade are now inscribed the words, "Pirate Chief and Robber of Kansas. Taken from his person. Attack on Harper's Ferry Armory, 17th October, 1859." On the other side of the blade: "Presented to Gov. Henry A. Wise, of Virginia, by Arch'd. M. Kitzmiller."

THE STOCK MARKET.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, No. 39 South Third Street.

The following were the closing quotations for Stocks on Saturday last. The market closing dull:-

	Bid.	Asked.
LOANS.		
U S 6 pr ct, 1868	—	—
" " '62	105	—
" " '67	109	—
" " '68	109	—
" 5 " coupon '74s	102	—
Phila 6 pr ct, old	98½	99
" " new	101½	102
" 5 "	94	—
Pitts 6 pr ct,	75	—
" coupon	—	80
Allegh County 6 pr ct	85	90
" County "	—	—
R R issue	44	50
Penn 6 pr ct	102	—
" 5 "	93½	94
Tenn 6 "	91½	92
" 5 " coupon	80	82
Kentucky 6 pr ct	—	104½
Missouri "	89½	—
Ohio " 1886	103	—
N Carolina 6 pr ct	98	99½
Virginia "	97½	—
Ind State 5 pr ct	92	—
Cal State 7 pr ct new bonds	91½	92
N Y City, 5's	114	116
BANK STOCKS, &c. PHILADELPHIA.		
North America	153	—
Ph ladelphia	135½	136
Far & Mec	—	55½
Commercial	48½	49
N Liberty	78	80
Mechanics	36	36½
Southwark	80	—
P Township	35	35½
Kensington	64	65
Girard	45	45½
Western	63	64
Man & Mec	26	27
Commerce	—	70
Tradesman's	62½	—
City	61	—
Consolidation	—	24
Commonwealth	—	24½
Corn Exchange	26½	—
Germantown	—	40
Pittsburg, Pitt'bg	56	—
Exchange "	58	—
Kentucky, Ky	120	—
Northern "	125	—
Louisville "	115	118
Farmers "	114	125
Union, Nash. Tenn	102½	103
Planters "	110	112
N O Gas Light	100	—
Com & R R Bank, Vicksburg	7	9½
Washington Gas Light Co	23½	—
Lehigh Zinc	1	1½
New Creek	—	—
New Grenada	—	—
N America Ins'ce	14½	—
N Liberties Gas	33	—
Southwark and Frankford R R Bonds	—	97
	95	97

	Bid.	Asked
RAILROAD STOCKS AND LOANS.		
Pennsylvania RR	—	130½
1st mort bonds	—	86½
2nd "	86½	87
stock	32½	33
Cam & Amboy 6 pr ct bonds, 1864	—	95
stock	123	125
Reading R R 6 pr ct bonds, '70	99	—
mort 6's '44	—	99
'70	91	—
stock	20½	21½
Lehigh Valley R R mort 6 pr ct	87	—
stock	31	39
Phil, Wil & Balt stock	33	36
6 pr ct loan, '60	92½	—
Ches Val R R, '73	95½	—
Tiora R R '75	—	85
Wil'me & Elmira 7's 1st mort	12	15
2nd "	11	12
stock	1½	1½
Catawissa	1	1½
Beaver Meadow stock	53½	—
preferred 10 pr ct	58	—
North Penn's R R stock	8½	8½
6 pr ct loan	61½	63
Phil Ger & Nor RR stock, div'd off	50	50½
6 pr ct loan	97	102½
Minehill R R	—	—
Har & Lan R R stock	—	55½
bonds '81	99	—
L. S. Sus'quehill R R stock	14	16
Long Island R R stock	11	11½
bonds	83	85
Erie R R stock	—	—
Hudson River R R	—	—
N Y Central	86½	—
Michigan Central	47½	48½
Illinois "	57½	—
Michigan Southern	17½	—
CANAL STOCKS AND LOANS.		
Sch'll Nav 6 pr ct loan, '62	65	66
imp. 6 pr ct	72½	73
stock	7	7½
preferred	15½	16
Lehigh Nav stock	—	—
mort 6 pr ct	95	—
scrip	25½	26
Morris Canal'd	—	69½
preferred	100½	102
Cam & Del bonds	40	—
	77½	—
Union	1	—
bonds	—	98
Sus & Tidewater	2	3
bonds, 1878	27	29

THE

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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The Proprietors of the SATURDAY EVENING POST—"the oldest and best of the Weeklies"—have the pleasure to announce to the reading public, that they have made an EXCLUSIVE engagement with an Author whose powerful Stories have of late attracted great attention; and that they will open the year 1860 with a novelet, *written expressly for* THE POST, called

THE EARL'S DAUGHTERS.

By the AUTHOR of "THE RED COURT FARM," "THE ROCK," the "HESTER HALLIWELL" Stories, "THE SIX GRAY POWDERS," "THE DIAMOND BRACELET," &c., &c.

In this story, written expressly for THE POST, this powerful writer's genius has had full scope afforded it; and we are able to state—having read it in manuscript, for it is already in hand—that it will make a sensation, unless we are greatly mistaken, as one of the most powerful and interesting stories ever published.

To enable those unacquainted with THE POST to judge of the richness and variety of its general contents, we may state that during the past year we have published novelets, stories, poems, essays, &c., from the pens of the following gifted writers:—

G. P. R. JAMES.	MARY HOWITT.
CHARLES DICKENS.	AUTHOR OF "THE RED COURT FARM."
ALFRED TENNYSON.	AUTHOR OF "FARM OF FOUR ACRES."
CHARLES READE.	GRACE GREENWOOD.
H. W. LONGFELLOW.	MISS PARDOE.
CHARLES MACKAY.	FLORENCE PERCY.
WILKIE COLLINS.	AMELIA B. EDWARDS
DR. O. W. HOLMES.	EMMA ALICE BROWN
T. S. ARTHUR.	AUTHOR OF "THE EBONY CASKET."
AUTHOR OF "THE SCOUT," &c.	MRS. M. A. DENISON.
ALEXANDER DUMAS.	FANNY M. RAYMOND.
JOHN G. WHITTIER.	NORA PERRY.
OWEN MEREDITH.	ISA CRAIG.
P. J. BAILEY, (Author of "Festus.")	MISS MARTINEAU.
LIEUT. HABERSHAM.	

The writings of the above and other distinguished authors make up, in a great degree, the yearly contents of THE POST—many of the above list writing expressly for our columns, and the choicest contributions of the others being obtained as soon as possible from the English and other Periodicals in which they appear. In this way we are enabled to make up a sheet, unsurpassed, as we think, for the VARIETY and BRILLIANCY of its contents.

THE POST does not confine itself, however, to works of the imagination, as so many Weeklies now do. It generally devotes a fair portion of its ample space to the NEWS of the WEEK, FOREIGN and DOMESTIC, to LETTERS FROM PARIS, to an AGRICULTURAL DEPARTMENT, to BANK NOTE and STOCK LISTS, and to a WEEKLY and ACCURATE PRICE CURRENT of the PRODUCE MARKETS, &c., &c.

TERMS—ENGRAVINGS.

HAMILTON'S TWO VIEWS of NIAGARA FALLS—a couple of handsome and large-sized *Steel* Engravings—the retail price of which is FIVE DOLLARS—we are enabled to Club with THE POST on the following remarkably liberal terms.

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13 "	(and one copy extra, or both Engravings to getter up of Club,)	15,00 "
20 "	(and one copy extra, or both Engravings to getter up of Club,)	20,00 "
26 "	(and one copy extra, and both Engravings to getter up of Club,)	30,00 "

A BEAUTIFUL PREMIUM.

A large and beautiful Engraving on steel, 17 by 22 inches, called "THE SPEAKING LIKENESS," will be sent to every subscriber to "THE POST" for 1860, who shall send, in addition to his subscription, the sum of twenty-five cents, to pay the expense of postage, mailing, &c., &c. The retail price of this engraving is FOUR DOLLARS. It is a Gem!

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☞ *Sample Copies of the Post sent gratis when requested.*

☞ TO EDITORS.—Editors who give the above one insertion, or condense the material portions of it for their *editorial* columns, shall be *entitled* to an exchange, by sending us a marked copy of the paper containing the advertisement or notice.

BENEDICTS ON A LARK—HOW THEY "FOOLED THE WOMEN."—One day last week a party of married gentlemen, numbering some sixteen persons, arranged to have a sleigh-ride, a supper, and a "good time" generally. The supper was to be at Waldron's, about five miles from Mount Pleasant, Ohio, the parties being all residents of the latter place. They managed, as they supposed, to keep their wives ignorant of their plans, but the women were not as ignorant of their movements as they had supposed. Accordingly, when the "stag party" were nearly ready, with keen appetites sharpened by the ride, to sit down to the sumptuous supper provided, the ladies, who had managed to arrive just in time, walked in and seated themselves at the table, utterly refusing to recognize their "smart husbands," and treating them as entire strangers. In this way they appropriated to themselves everything upon the table. After supper the ladies, who had brought music with them, danced for a while, and then returned home without once speaking to the husbands, and treating all advances on their part with coldness.

THE Hon. Neal Dow, of Portland, Me., had a narrow escape from a terrible death on Wednesday last. While walking across a rafter in his steam tannery, he fell a distance of sixteen feet and struck upon a boiler, narrowly escaping a vat of scalding hot water. He was picked up insensible, but is now in a fair way of recovery.

MESSAGE OF GOV. PACKER.

The Governor of Pennsylvania presents a gratifying view of the condition of the Commonwealth. The receipts into the State Treasury, were $3,826,350, the expenditures, $3,679,054. The available balance is now $839,323. Part of the expenditures was the payment of $649,282 of the public debt. The funded and unfunded debt of the State is $38,478,061. Deducting the bonds received for the sale of the public works, and the debt of the Commonwealth is $27,397,061 on which interest is paid from the ordinary sources of revenue. The public debt is decreasing at the rate of a million of dollars a year, and the Governor looks forward to the time when the State Government can be provided for without a tax on real personal estate. To do this, however, economy in the administration and the maintenance of the present sources of revenue are necessary. The Sunbury and Erie Railroad having complied with the conditions of the law, has had two millions of the canal bonds issued to it, and one million of the mortgage bonds; 147 miles of the road are in practical operation, 95½ miles are graded, and 44½ are yet to be graded. Another year will see the whole line to Erie completed. Attention is called to the fact that the Pennsylvania Railroad withholds $350,405 due the Commonwealth on the tonnage tax, the company contesting the constitutional right to impose it. The Governor thinks that as the contract was one voluntarily entered into by the company under the charter granted, it cannot now turn around and deny the right of the State to impose the tax while the company is enjoying the benefits of the charter, and that the Commonwealth will not willingly yield her demand for revenue from this source, until fully indemnified for the pecuniary injury sustained to her own property by her liberality to the company. The public schools of the State contain 634,651 pupils, and 11,485 schools with 14,071 teachers. The entire cost of tuition, including Philadelphia, is $2,047,661, and the entire cost to the State of the system for the year was $2,579,075. An increase of the annual school appropriation to each county he thinks is worthy of the consideration of the Legislature. The Farmers' High School is also favorably spoken of. The State Library contains 22,000 volumes—the largest State Library in the Union, except New York. The Governor renews his suggestions in regard to the banking system; his opinions remaining unchanged since his former message. He earnestly calls for laws to protect the public money from loss by the adoption of a safer mode of receiving, keeping, and disbursing the public money, the main reliance now against loss being the integrity of the State Treasurer. The Commissioners to revise the penal code have made their first report. The evils arising from class legislation are again referred to, and omnibus bills pronounced very objectionable.

The conclusion of the Message which relates to the Tariff and Slavery questions, we quote entire as follows:—

"It is apparent from the exhibit of the financial condition of the general government, recently made public, that the wants of the federal treasury will demand a revision of the existing tariff laws of the United States, with a view to an increase of the revenue derivable from imports. When this revision shall take place, it is greatly to be desired that a proper regard for the industrial interests of the country will prompt the Congress of the United States to place her revenue laws upon such a basis as to afford to our great mining and manufacturing interests the largest incidental protection. To substitute specific for *ad valorem* duties on a certain class of articles, which, from their nature, are of equal or nearly equal value—or to change the foreign to a home valuation—with a moderate increase of the rates now imposed, would, I am satisfied, infuse new life and vigor into all the various departments of industry, and at the same time, without imposing burdens upon the people, afford to the general government a revenue amply sufficient for all its wants.

"The early admission of the territory of Kansas, as one of the sovereign States of the Union, under a constitution legally enacted, and fully and fairly ratified by the direct votes of a large majority of the people of the territory, will remove from the national legislature a subject which has hitherto, in no inconsiderable degree, attracted the attention of the nation, and which, from the nature and extent of the discussions in Congress, has been productive of much crimination and recrimination between the various sections of our common country. Popular sovereignty having finally prevailed, in the full, free and fair adoption of the fundamental law of the territory, according to the wishes of the people, this vexed and dangerous question, in that territory, may now be considered as satisfactorily and perpetually settled.

"Copies of the correspondence between the Governor of Virginia and the Governor of Pennsylvania, on the subject of the recent outrage at Harper's Ferry, are herewith transmitted to the Legislature. The letter addressed by the Governor of Virginia to the Governor of Pennsylvania was missent to Harrisonburg, Va., and hence was not received until the first day of December, one day before the execution of John Brown; and, therefore, it was impossible to reply to it by mail, in time to reach the Governor of Virginia before the execution. The answer was consequently sent by telegraph, which will account for its brevity and sententious character.

"The recent seizure of the public property of the United States at Harper's Ferry, and the invasion of the State of Virginia, by a small band of desperadoes, with an intention to excite the slave population to insurrection, have drawn attention to the dangers which beset our federal relations. It is a source of satisfaction to know that the authorities of Virginia possessed the means and the determination to punish offenders with promptness and justice;—that the military force of the United States was a power immediately available to aid in putting down the outbreak against the public peace—that the slave population were contented with their condition, and unwilling to unite with disorderly white men in acts of treason and murder—and that the great masses of the people have no sympathy, whatever, with any attack upon the rights and institutions of any of the States, and have a deep and abiding devotion to our great and glorious Union. To us, as Pennsylvanians, it is gratifying to believe that the citizens of this Commonwealth, have not, in any manner, participated in this unlawful proceeding, and to know that when some of the guilty perpetrators were arrested within our jurisdiction, they were promptly surrendered to the justice of the offended and injured State.

"The several States of this Union are independent sovereignties, except so far as they have granted certain enumerated powers to the federal government. In cases not provided for in the federal constitution, the several States, in their relations to each other, ought to be governed by the principles which regulate the conduct of civilized nations. These principles forbid, in all nations, 'every evil practice tending to excite disturbance in another State;' and are founded on the maxim, that 'different nations ought, in time of peace, to do one another all the good they can, without prejudicing their real interests.' This maxim recognized by all civilized governments, applies with peculiar force to the several States of this Union, bound together, as they are by a sacred compact for mutual support and protection; and, therefore, any attempt in one State to excite insurrection in another, is an offence against all the States, because all are bound by the constitution to put down such disturbance; and the act of Congress authorizes the President of the United States to call out the militia of the several States for the purpose. It is a high offence against the peace of our Commonwealth, for disorderly persons within our jurisdiction, to combine together for the purpose of stirring up insurrection in any of the States, or to induce the slaves in the Southern States to abscond from their masters; and it would be proper, in my judgment, for the General Assembly to consider whether additional legislation may not be necessary, to insure the prompt punishment of such offenders against our peace and security.

"In determining our relative duties towards our sister States, the morality of servitude is not an open question, for we are bound by the legal and moral obligation of the compact of the Union, under which we have been brought into existence, and preserved as independent States, as well as by the principles of international law, to respect the institutions which the laws of the several States recognize, and in no other way can we faithfully fulfil our obligations, as members of this confederacy.

"While I entertain no doubt that the great Republican experiment on this continent, so happily commenced and carried forward to its present exalted position, in the eyes of the world, will continue under the Providence of God, to be successful to the latest generations, it is the part of wisdom and patriotism to be watchful and vigilant, and to carefully guard a treasure so priceless. Let moderate counsels prevail—let a spirit of harmony and good will, and a national fraternal sentiment be cultivated among the people, everywhere—North and South—and the disturbing elements which temporarily threaten our Union, will now, as they have always heretofore, assuredly pass away.

"Pennsylvania, in the past, has performed her part with unfaltering firmness—let her now, and in the future, be ever ready to discharge her confederate duties with unflinching integrity. Then will her proud position entitle her, boldly and effectually, to rebuke, and assist in crushing, treason, whether it shall raise its crest in other States, in the guise of a fanatical and irrepressible conflict between the North and the South, or assume the equally reprehensible form of nullification, secession, and a dissolution of the Union. Her central geographical position, stretching from the bay of Delaware to the lakes—with her three millions of conservative population—entitles her to say, with emphasis, to the plotters of treason, on either hand, that neither shall be permitted to succeed—that it is not in the power of either to disturb the perpetuity of this Union, cemented and sanctified as it is, by the blood of our patriotic fathers—that, at every sacrifice, and at every hazard, the constitutional rights of the people and the States shall be maintained—that equal and exact justice shall be done to the North and to the South—and that these States shall be forever United.

"We, as a people, have great reason to acknowledge the Providence of God, who rules over the nations of the earth. Under His guardianship, hitherto so signally enjoyed, we feel an unabated confidence in the permanency of our free government, and look forward, with cheerful hope, to a future glorious destiny. In the blessings that have crowned our own Commonwealth the past year—in the success that has accompanied all our industrial pursuits—in the steady advance of our educational institutions—in the quiet and peace of our domestic homes—in all that can advance a nation's prosperity and happiness—we recognize the hand of the Great Giver of all Good.

"WILLIAM F. PACKER."

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 22th of Dec. 1859, at the Church of the Saviour, West Philadelphia, by the Rev. Henry A. Wise, Jr. ROBT. P. GILLINGHAM, to ANNIE F. eldest daughter of D. C. Enos, Esq. of this city.

On the 4th instant, by the Rev. Jos. F. Berg, D. D., JESSE M. COOK, to KATE G. SCUDDER, both of this city.

On the 2d of January, by the Rev. H. A. Boardman, D. D., WILLIAM F. BIDDLE, to EMILY AUSTIN, daughter of the late John W. Leavitt, of New York.

On the 27th of Dec. by the Rev. Dr. Bronson, ANGELO T. JACOBS, of this city, to JULIA A. TOWNSEND, of Sandusky, Ohio.

In Moorestown, N. Jersey, on Monday, January 2, by the Rev. H. Hastings Weld, Rector of Trinity Church, T. MONROE CROWELL, of this city, to HANNAH J. SHINN, of Moorestown.

On Monday, January 2d, by the Rev. J. D. Williamson, D. D., JOHN P. MCFADDEN, Esq. to Miss AUGUSTA, eldest daughter of the late Jesse C. Parmalee, both of this city.

Dec. 31, 1859, by Friends' ceremony, in presence of Mayor HENRY, CHALKLEY M. BALLINGER, of Burlington county, N. J. to ELIZABETH A. MARTIN, of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 5th instant, the Right Rev. Bishop NEUMAN, the fourth Bishop of Philadelphia.

On the 3d instant, ELIZA, wife of John U. Fraley, in her 82d year.

On the 3d instant, HELEN M. COX, wife of Saml. Cox.

On the 3d instant, REBECCA A. daughter of Wm. M. Shewell, in her 16th year.

Suddenly, on fourth-day morning, the 4th instant, THOMAS H. YARDLEY, M. D. in his 50th year.

On Thursday morning, GEORGE ABBOTT, of the firm of C. H. & G. Abbott, in his 52d year.

On Tuesday, Jan. 3d, JAMES SCANLAN, a native of Meens, parish of Clonfert, county Cork, Ireland, aged 24 years.

On Tuesday, Jan. 3d, WILLIAM LONG, in his 32d year.

Suddenly, on Sunday, Jan. 1st, Mrs. MARTHA THOMAS, in her 79th year.

On the morning of the 31st ultimo, SUSAN J. wife of John Wood, of West Chester.

On the 1st instant, JOHN HEWSON, in his 93d year.

On the morning of the 2d instant, Miss MARGARET MCCALL, in her 86th year.

BANK NOTE LIST.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, No. 39 South Third Street.

Philadelphia, Jan. 7, 1860.

PENNSYLVANIA.	SOUTH CAROLINA.
Solv bks par to ¼ dis	Solv bks 1 dis
NEW JERSEY.	ALABAMA.
Solv bks par to ¼ dis	Solv bks 1 to 3 dis
DELAWARE	MISSISSIPPI.
Solv bks par to ¼ dis	All bks uncertain
MARYLAND.	LOUISIANA.
Baltimore ¼ dis	Solv bks 1 dis
Solv bks ¼ dis	OHIO.
NEW YORK.	Solv bks ¼ dis
Sol bks par to ¼ dis	KENTUCKY.
MAINE.	Solv bks ¼ dis
Solv bks ¼ dis	INDIANA.
NEW HAMPSHIRE.	State bank ¼ dis
Solv bks ¼ dis	ILLINOIS.
VERMONT.	Solv bks 1½ dis
Solv bks ¼ dis	MISSOURI.
CONNECTICUT.	Solv bks ¾ to 2½ dis
Solv bks ¼ dis	TENNESSEE.
MASSACHUSETTS.	Old bks 1½ dis
Solv bks ¼ dis	MICHIGAN.
RHODE ISLAND.	Solv bks 2 dis
Solv bks ¼ dis	WISCONSIN.
VIRGINIA.	Solv bks 2 dis
Solv bks ¼ to ¾ dis	TEXAS.
DIST. OF COLUMBIA.	Commercial and Agricultural bank, Galveston 10 dis
Solv bks ¼ dis	CANADA.
NORTH CAROLINA.	Solv bks 1 dis
Solv bks ¾ to 1 dis	
GEORGIA.	
Solv bks 1 dis	

OBEYING ORDERS.—The managers of the Grand Trunk Railway, last year, desiring a large quantity of axes for use along the line of their road, and having no confidence in American mechanics, set one of their scientific men to make a pattern of the axes required. The pattern in due time was complete and sent to England, with an order for 2,500 axes after the pattern sent. The house receiving the order went immediately to work to fill it, and a few months ago shipped to the managers of the road at Montreal the axes as ordered. Upon receiving their property, however, the scientific men found that not one axe out of the whole 2,500 had a hole in it to receive the handle. They were made according to the order—"exactly like the pattern." They have the axes for sale now in Montreal.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

BREADSTUFFS—There has been very little animation in the market, and no changes to note since the close of last week; the demand for Flour, however, is limited, and mostly speculative, and only some 5000 bbls found buyers, at $5,50 for superfine, and $5,75@6 ℔ bbl for extras, as to quality. The inquiry is chiefly for good straight superfine, which is comparatively scarce and much wanted at our lowest figures. The trade have been purchasing to a fair extent within the above range of prices for superfine and extras, and from $6,25 up to $7 ℔ bbl for extra family and fancy brands, as to quality, the market closing quiet but very firm. Of Rye Flour about 250 bbl have been sold at $4,25 ℔ bbl, which establishes a decline, and the stock is accumulating. Corn Meal is but little inquired for, and 400 bbls Pennsylvania Meal sold at $3,75 ℔ bbl, at which rate it is freely offered.

GRAIN—There is very little Wheat offering, and prices have an upward tendency: the demand, however, continues limited, and the bulk of the stock held above the views of buyers. Sales include about 12,000 bus. in lots, at $1,33@1,36 for good and prime reds, and $1,45@1,52 for white. At the close the latter rates were generally refused for prime lots. Rye continues in steady demand, with further small receipts, and sales of Penna at 92@93c. Corn—The supplies have fallen off, and the market was better, but the demand having subsided, part of the improvement has been lost, and the market closed rather dull. 15,000 bus yellow sold at 70@73c for damp, 75@80c for dry lots, and 70@76c for white, in store and in the cars, including 2000 bus old Corn at 92c, in store. We quote new yellow at 77c, in the cars, and the demand moderate. Oats are unchanged, and some 8000 bus sold at 45@46c for Penna, and 43½@44c for Delaware, in store. Of Barley sales of New York State are reported at 80c, and of Barley Malt sales to some extent have been made at 90@100c, the latter on time.

PROVISIONS—The demand for the Hog product generally continues limited, but prices are firmer under the advices from the West. Dressed hogs selling at $6½@7 the 100 lbs. Mess Pork is steady at $17½@17¾, and city mess Beef at $15 ℔ bbl with but little selling. Of Bacon, the sales are also limited at 11½@12c for hams; 10c for sides, and 8½@8¾c for shoulders. Green meats are quiet at 10@10½c for hams, 8½@9c for sides, and 7@7½c for shoulders. Lard is selling as wanted at 11c for bbls and tierces, and 11½@12c for kegs. Butter is less inquired for, Roll selling at 16@18c, and packed at 11½@12c, the latter for prime lots. Cheese is quoted at 10½@11c per lb, and Eggs at 20@21c per dozen.

COTTON—The market for this staple is ¼@½c better and rather more active, with a very reduced stock to operate in, and some 1600 bales, mostly Uplands, found buyers at 12 to 12½c, cash and time, closing at 12c for middling fair quality, cash.

BARK—There is very little Quercitron offering, and we are only advised of small sales at $28@27 for 1st No. 1, the former for horse power. Nothing doing in Tanners' Bark to alter quotations.

BEESWAX is steady, with further sales of yellow at 34@34½c ℔ lb.

COAL—The market continues dull, but without any alteration to notice in price or demand, the inquiry, however, is only to supply the home trade in the present obstructed state of the river navigation. Schuylkill W. Ash Lump, ℔ ton, $3,35; Lump, $3,50@3,60; Prepared do, $3,50@3,60; by retail, do, $4,25@4,50; Sch. Prepared, do, $4@4,25.

COFFEE is held firmly, and the stock is light, with a fair demand from the trade, and some 3500 bags Rio found buyers, in lots, at 11½@12c, on time.

COPPER continues dull and without any change to note in price or demand.

FEATHERS continue dull, and good Western sell slowly at 47@48c ℔ lb

FURS—Beaver, Santa Fe, ℔ lb $2@2,50; Rocky Mt., $3@3,50; Muskrat Skin, 15@20c; Nutra do, 30@45c; Raccoon do, 25@60c.

FRUIT is selling in a small way at $3@4 for Apples, $10@15 ℔ bbl for Cranberries; 6½@7c for Dried Apples, and 8@15c ℔ lb for Peaches, as in quality.

HEMP—The market remains inactive, and without any change to note.

HIDES—There have been no further arrivals or sales of foreign, but holders are firmer in their views; buyers, however, are not disposed to operate, and the market has been very quiet this week.

HOPS continue dull, and a small business only to note in Eastern and Western at from 12c to 16c ℔ lb, as in quality.

IRON—The market continues dull; there is little or no inquiry for Pig metal, and a small business doing in Anthracite at $23 and $22 for numbers 1 and 2, on time. Scotch Pig is firm, with a light stock to operate in. Blooms are held at $55@65, on time. Nothing doing in Boiler Plates to alter quotations. Manufactured Iron is quiet, and prices the same, and there is some little inquiry for Rails for spring delivery, but no sales are reported.

LEAD is firm, but without any movement to note in the market for Pig Lead, the stock of which is light.

LEATHER—There has been an active inquiry for rough slaughter Leather, and all in the market taken, mostly to go East, at an advance of 1@2c ℔ lb on the lowest point. Of other kinds the stock is ample, and the demand moderate.

LUMBER—The market generally continues at a stand still, and without any changes to note.

MOLASSES—There has been some little movement in new crop Orleans, and some 500 bbls sold at 51c to arrive, and 52c from the vessel, usual credit, which establishes a further advance, the market closing firm. 200 hhds Cuba also sold on terms kept private.

PLASTER—There is little or none offering or selling, and we quote soft nominally at $3 ℔ ton.

SEEDS—There has been a good demand for Clover, and some 3000 bus have been disposed of at $5@5,50 for common to good; and choice lots, mostly at $5,25@5,37½ ℔ bus, including some from second hands at the former figure. Timothy is quiet; there is little offering, and a small sale was made at $2,40 ℔ bus. Domestic Flaxseed is selling at $1,56 ℔ bus.

SPIRITS—The demand for foreign is limited, but the market is firm, and Brandies continue on the advance. N E Rum has been selling freely at 38c. Whiskey is lower, bbls selling at the close at 26c for Penna; 27c for Ohio; Drudge at 24c; and hhds at 25c, and more doing.

SUGARS have been quiet, the reduced state of the stock, and the firmness of the holders limiting operations, and about 150 hhds only have changed hands at 7¼@7¾c for Cuba, and 8¼@8¾c for New Orleans, on time. Refined Sugars are ¼c higher, and more doing.

TALLOW—There is no change in the market, and a limited business to note is only rendered at 10½c ℔ lb.

TOBACCO—There is nothing doing in either Leaf or Manufactured worthy of notice, and the market is unchanged.

WOOL—There has been very little movement in the market, and a few small sales of Fleece are only reported at 60@65c for fine; holders are very firm in their views, and the stock is light.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to 1800 head. The ruling prices were from 7 to 9¾c for the various grades, according to quality; but a few sales of extra fine cattle were sold as high as 10c, which was the highest prices obtained. Sheep—5000 head arrived, and sold at from 7 to 8¼c dressed. Cows—86 at market, and selling at from $25 to 50, according to quality.

At Imhoff's Hog Yard 2636 head were at market, and sold at $6½ to 7½ ℔ 100 lbs net, according to quality.

PERRY DAVIS'S PAIN KILLER.—Its efficacious qualities are constantly experienced, and reports to that effect are continually made. A Pastor of one of our Baptist Churches in Chester County, Pa., stated to us a few days ago, that he had repeatedly tried it, and found it equal to its claims. Other pastors and reliable men in this vicinity have repeatedly testified in the same words used by the pastor in Chester County, as here referred to. It is but justice to Perry Davis & Son that they, as well as others, should know these facts.—*Philadelphia Christian Chronicle.*

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COULDN'T FIND HIM OUT.—Tom Hob's, coming one day into the office of a country lawyer, of remarkable domestic habits, and perceiving him, as usual, immersed in his books, with a very grave countenance addressed him as follows:—

"Well, Squire, I declare now, I have known you, man and boy, these twenty years, and yet I can't find you out."

The Squire looked extremely grave at this imputation upon his character, and hemmed and hawed a number of times, before he could give utterance to his surprise.

"Why, really, Tom," at length said he, "I have always tried to sustain a reputable character—I believe I have always dealt frankly and above-board with you."

"True, true," replied Tom, stroking his chin with his left hand, as if weighing the import of his words, "but for all that I must still say I can't find you out."

"What do you mean, Tom? Just explain yourself, for really I don't understand the meaning of this charge."

"I mean as I say," said Tom. "I can't find you out;" and the reason is, (bowing profoundly to the lawyer,) I always find you —in."

AN INCONSISTENT HUSBAND.—Bluffkins often lectures his somewhat extravagant but pretty wife. The other night, observing her in all the amplitude of silk and crinoline, he remarked, with emphasis—

"The error of this day, my dear, is to spread out, to expand; in short, my dear, we are greatly given to extravagance, and we must pull in our expenses. In brief, Mrs. Bluffkins, you must *contract*," and he clapped his hands together, as though he would like to see her magnificent dress suddenly contract in the same way.

"*Contract*," said Mrs. Bluffkins, "how inconsistent you are; the very thing you told me not to do yesterday."

"Me?" roared the astonished husband.

"Yes, you!" said the lady.

"Now, madam, when did you ever propose to contract?"

"Why, I am doing it every hour, and yet can't please you."

"How? what!"

"Why, don't I contract debts frequently? —and you are always displeased."

Bluffkins closed the sermon for that day.

RAISED HIMSELF BY THE SEAT OF HIS PANTS.—Truman K—— was as good a mechanic as ever shoved a jack-plane. One day Truman and a shopmate of his were arguing the practicability and the probability of the manufacture of a "perpetual motion." Shopmate was skeptical on the subject, and delivered himself thus:

"When a man can lift himself by the seat of his trowsers, then, and not till then, can a perpetual motion be made."

"*Well*," said Truman, "*I can do that myself, and I'll bet you a dollar I can do it* fairly."

"Done," said the shopmate, "here is my dollar."

The two dollars were put in a bystander's hands. Truman immediately pulled off his pants, tied the legs of them over a beam, just above his head, tightly grasped them by the seat, and raised himself from the floor by main strength. Shopmate acknowledged the corn, and gave up the dollar, but whether his belief in "perpetual motion" was in anywise changed, we cannot vouch.

THE PREACHER'S DISAPPOINTMENT.—Mr. Neale relates a story of "an eminent living prelate," who, with the greatest good humor, is accustomed to narrate the incident himself as a warning to his clergy to preach plainly. While he was still serving a curacy, he was anxious to try his hand at extempore preaching, and accordingly took for his text, "The fool hath said in his heart there is no God." On this subject he dwelt, much to his satisfaction, for the usual time; he proved from the works of creation, from the construction of our bodies, and from the other usual topics, that there must be a creative power, and that creative power is God. He came down from the pulpit with the comfortable conviction that he had not done so badly after all. Happening to walk home with a farmer who had attended the service, he was anxious to learn what impression he had produced, and accordingly made some observation which led to the point he wished to introduce. "A very capital sermon you gave us, Mr. B.," remarked his companion, "but somehow, I can't help thinking there be a God, for all you said."—*Universal Review.*

COLLEGE DIALOGUE.—(*A Freshman meets a Senior in the College Hall.*)

Freshman.—"Will you tell me, sir, is Isocrates difficult?"

Senior.—"Well, I believe it wasn't to me!"

Freshman, (much relieved.)—"I'm glad of that, for our class are going to take it next week."

Senior, (reflecting.)—"Let me see, what language did he write in?"

Freshman, (surprised.)—"Greek?"

Senior, (still uncertain.)—"Is Greek the language with the funny little crooked letters?"

Freshman, (astounded.)—"Certainly!"

Senior, (his doubts removed.)—"Oh, well—then it was hard—confoundedly hard."

A BRIGHT IDEA IN THE AGRICULTURAL LINE.—A friend of ours has a little son who is considered by the knowing ones as quite a "dabster."

A few days ago his mother noticed that he visited a particular corner in the garden quite often, and watched his movements. Going to where he was stooping one day, she saw him examining a *feather* he had pulled out of the ground, to see, as he said, if it had sprouted. His mother inquired his object in planting the quill, when the youngster replied.

"Hum, I guess I'se goin' to raise chickens as well as anybody." At this point the laugh came in, and the point was clearly perceptible.

A CHILD'S LOGIC.—A little girl, says the *Knickerbocker*, had seen her brother playing with his burning glass and had heard him talk about the "focus." Not knowing what the word "focus" meant, she consulted the dictionary, and found out that the focus was a place where the rays meet. At dinner, when the family were assembled, she announced, "as grand as could be," that she knew the meaning of one hard word. Her father asked her what it was; she said it was the word "focus."

"Well," said he, "Mary what does it mean?"

"Why," she replied, "it means a place where they raise calves."

This of course raised a great laugh; but she stuck to her point, and produced her dictionary to prove that she was right.

"There," said she, triumphantly—"Focus, a place where the rays meet—Calves are meat, and if they raise meat, they raise calves, and so I am right, ain't I, father?"

THE PROPER WORD AT LAST.—There lives not far from the village of C——, in Ohio, a good-humored, honest, but ignorant citizen. Not long ago he built himself a new house, and in discussing the style of its finish with his neighbors, he announced his intention to have a *porchico*. It was suggested that *portico* was the proper name, but Sam insisted that it was *porchico*; and finally to settle the dispute, declared that the next time he was in town he would "ax John Scott, who had a big dictionary." Accordingly, a few days after, John Scott was appealed to; and consulting "his big dictionary," told him the proper name was *piazza*. Sam, full of his new knowledge, went triumphantly home, and informed his neighbors that they were all wrong.

"It is not *porchico* nor *portico*; John Scott looked in his big dictionary and told me. I knows what it is—it is *piannazer*."

HOW TO DO IT.—One of the writer's schoolmates was always behind with his lessons; and upon one occasion his teacher, in an academy in which he had managed to obtain an entrance, was endeavoring to explain a question in arithmetic to him. He was asked, "Suppose you had one hundred dollars, and were to give away eighty dollars—how would you ascertain how much you had remaining?" His reply set teacher and scholars in a roar; for, with his own peculiar drawling tone, he exclaimed, "Why, I'd count it!"

TAKE CARE OF THE SHADOWS!

Two deep bay windows lit the room
In which we watch'd the evening gloom;
In this myself and Lucy sat,
Father and maiden aunts in that;
The gaslight on the flags below
And on our ceiling cast a glow.

While pater and his coterie
Talk'd matters parliamentary;
Or, rul'd, with solemn shake of head,
How prudently the young should wed,
In *my* committee, *I* said, "This,
My dearest, is the time to kiss!"

Lured by the shadowy hour and nook,
The proffer'd pledge she coyly took;
When, lo! by our unlucky fate,
In silhouette, our tete-a-tete,
Noses and pouted lips were all
Obliquely shadow'd on the wall!

So, when the footman brings in tea,
Sombre are they, and scarlet we:
The lamp has prematurely shown
A truth we had not dared to own:
Small thanks to light untimely cast,—
And yet this kiss was not our last!

Agricultural.

WORK FOR JANUARY.

FARM ACCOUNTS.—Now "take an inventory" of all you have. Determine by a careful and just estimate of your farm and everything upon it, what your stock in trade is worth, and know, *know* whether it has paid you a fair interest upon the investment and sufficient wages for your own superintendence. In such an estimate, the farm is entitled to credit for house rent and fire-wood, fruit, vegetables, meat, bread, in fine, everything it has furnished for the use of your family. Do not merely give it credit for crops sold, and setting against that the expense of manures, cultivation, &c., come to the conclusion that farming is an unprofitable business.

WINTER PLOUGHING.—Take any opportunity the state of the weather may allow, to break up your sod land for corn, tobacco, potatoes, &c. On stiff lands the action of frost is useful, and on all there is an advantage in having the work done early. The team is in better condition for hard work now than in spring, and you will be more sure to plough deeply, and may do so with less risk of any bad consequences from breaking up the subsoil. Of course at no time is it proper to plough the land if wet.

TOBACCO.—Make all despatch in the preparation of the tobacco crop for market. In the work of stripping, it should be the care of the master or overseer to supervise strictly the strippers, and see that the various qualities are properly sorted. The material for hogsheads, siding and heading, should be got in readiness, so that there be no delay when you are ready for packing.

TOBACCO BEDS.—At any time this month when the ground may be fit to work, make sure of getting the most of your tobacco seed sown. Grounds just taken out of the woods require burning to put them in nice order for tobacco seed, and brush and old wood being plenty, should be got in readiness at once. Old land is used, however, without burning, Peruvian Guano being applied largely; say at the rate of seven or eight hundred weight to the acre.

Our old friend, Patuxent Planter, in his prize essay, published some years back, on the culture of tobacco, says: "A rich loam is the soil for tobacco plants. Choose a spot on a south hill side, well protected by wood or shrubbery. Burn thoroughly with brush-wood and tobacco stalks mixed; dig deep, and continue to dig, rake and chop, until every clod, root and stone be removed—then level and pulverise nicely with a rake. Mix one gill of seed for every ten square yards, with a quart or half gallon of plaster or sifted ashes to every half pint of seed, and sow it regularly, in the same manner that gardeners sow small seeds, only with a heavier hand. Roll with a hand roller or tramp it with the feet. If sown early, the bed should be covered with open brush. The 10th to the 20th of March is the *best* time, though it is safest to sow at intervals whenever the land is in fine order for working." We prefer the earlier sowing except for a bed of late plants, because the early sown, (say in January,) in our experience, are almost sure to start to grow earlier than seed sown any time in the month of March. Another reason is, that while we not unfrequently have the ground in fine condition in January or February, it may be too wet all through the month of March.

CARE OF STOCK.—Have all stock carefully looked to, and that continually. Food enough, and especially water enough, and as often as they may want it—not in one great draught, that will thoroughly chill them, but in small quantities, when they will. Cows and Ewes and breeding Sows should be all well fed during the winter months and have especial care as the time approaches for having their young.

Do not delay until spring, but provide yourself at once with any necessary addition to your working stock.

IMPLEMENTS, &c.—Have all implements, carts, &c., put away under cover. Let all be overhauled and repaired, and such new ones purchased as may be wanted.

CLOVER AND GRASS FIELDS.—Let no hoof touch the clover or grass fields during winter, or at any time when the ground is wet and liable to be poached.

MANURES.—Gather, as you have opportunity, materials for manure. Now is especially the time to avail yourself of all domestic resources. Do not however be misled into the useless labor of hauling more material into the yards than is quite sufficient to absorb all the moisture of the drippings from the stock and keep them comfortably dry. Whatever else you may be able to gather should be composted with lime or ashes, if it be good meadow muck or peat, exposed to the action of frost, &c., and wood's scrapings or other litter may be hauled at once to the grounds where they may be needed and spread upon the surface.

LIME, ASHES, &c.—Take advantage of all weather that is good for hauling, to get such fertilizers as these on the land, and have them spread at once.

FIRE-WOOD AND FENCE STUFF.—Cut fire-wood for next winter, and get material for fences cut and hauled in place.

PREPARATION OF THE GARDEN.—Should the ground at any time this month be unfrozen and sufficiently dry, it may be dug and manured for the earlier vegetables. Composts, which should have been prepared in advance, are the proper manure for all garden plants.

EARLY PEAS.—Some of the earlier peas may be planted, should you find the ground in order for them. After planting, lay, if convenient, some brush wood along the drills, to remain until the peas begin to come up in spring. Under ordinary circumstances, peas will be better and earlier for this early planting, provided, always, the ground is in good order.

POTATOES.—These may be planted for early use if you give them a good covering of manure, and litter enough on top of the ground to ensure them against frost.—*American Farmer.*

FOOD AND TREATMENT OF HENS.—"S. W." of Waterloo, N. Y., has some sensible remarks on this subject in the Genesee Farmer, from which we condense the following:

Linseed meal I have found to be a great promoter of egg-laying. Mixed with scalded meal or shorts, or with sour milk, it is readily eaten, and is a good substitute for animal food and insects. Hens like Indian corn better than any other grain, and it is their cheapest food. For confining hens, a covered room with a dry earth floor, is much better than an open yard, which the rains keep in a filthy state much of the time. With sand to roll in, hens may be confined under cover the whole season. Half an hour before sunset they should be let out to range over the yard and garden. They will then be too busy picking grass, gravel, &c., to scratch and do mischief, being always in a hurry to return to the roost before twilight. Hens thus kept will more than twice pay for their keeping, if not too old to lay well. Two or three days imprisonment in a coop will break up black Spanish hens from sitting, and they soon commence laying again if properly fed. It is only profitable for a villager to raise a few early chickens to renew his laying stock, as chickens are great and increasing feeders, eating when half grown, much more than old fat hens.

BEING POISONOUS TO ANIMALS.—The Kentucky Turf Register, says a gentleman at Lawrenceport, Indiana, recently emptied brine from a pork barrel into the yard. A number of hogs, and also one horse, partook of it. The result was that the horse and seven hogs died in less than six hours after the barrel was emptied.

FISH, THEIR CULTIVATION, &c.

"Law sakes alive," says some Mrs. Partington: "here's a man that's going to tell us how to plant and raise fish in our gardens *jest* like other truck." No, good woman, I shall not tell you all this, yet I will tell hundreds and thousands of you how to raise your own fish. Cultivation means something more than ploughing, harrowing and hoeing, and may well be applied to the raising of fish, and, perhaps, I cannot better instruct you in this art, than by describing what I lately saw right here in South Carolina.

During my late visit to Sumpter, I was shown all over the plantation of my friend Freeman Hoyt, Esq., and here I met with a perfect model of a domestic fish pond. Mr. Hoyt told me that the little stream of water running through this place was the main thing that sold him the land. The branch ran through a low place of such a form, as to enable him by a dam of some fifty yards long, to construct a pond of 700 feet in length, by 150 in width, with a depth varying from the shores, to 12 or 15 feet in the centre. This gives him a pond of over 2½ acres, where he could raise nothing else. One year ago, in the spring, he deposited in this pond eight good sized trout, and near three hundred thousand eggs, with a large amount of smaller sized fish for the trout to feed upon, and he now has the water literally swarming with the finny tribe. His trout are now one year old, and I caught one while there that was over seven inches. Mr. Hoyt will not catch his trout until next year, and then I think he will almost be able to supply the town of Sumpterville with fish. The water running from this dam passes through a sieve so that the fish cannot escape from the pond. A little below the dam is built a small two-story house, the lower story for bathing, while in the upper one is kept all the apparatus necessary for cultivating, feeding and taking the fish. All this convenience has been gotten up with a trifling expense, and will be, in the future, a large source of pleasure and profit to Mr. Hoyt and his family, and a perfect blessing to his neighborhood. We all eat too much flesh in this country, and should endeavor to substitute, for some of it, more fish and fowl.

There are hundreds of places in this State, where just as good a pond as the one I have told of, could be built, and the owners not only well supplied with good fish right from the water, but they could derive a good revenue from their neighbors by selling them the proceeds of their pond.—*Laurensville (S. C.) Herald.*

BROKEN WIND OR HEAVES.—"Heaves," the common name for broken wind in the horse, is susceptible of great alleviation by attention to the character and quantity of food to be eaten by the animal, as every one knows. If a horse suffering from this disease is allowed to distend his stomach at his pleasure, with dry food entirely, and then to drink cold water *ad libitum*, he is nearly worthless. But if his food be moistened, and he be allowed to drink a moderate quantity only at a time, the disease is much less troublesome.

A still farther alleviation of the "heaves" may be obtained from the use of raw, fat, salt pork, from time to time. I do not say that the heaves can be *cured* by the use of salt pork, but *alleviated* still more than by feeding wet food without the pork.

Commence with a piece of pork, say a cubic inch, chopped very fine and mixed with the wetted grain or cut feed, twice a day for two or three days. Then from day to day increase the quantity and cut less fine, until there is given with each feed, such a slice as usually by a farmer's wife, is cut for frying, nearly as large as your hand, cut into fifteen or twenty pieces. Continue this for two weeks, and the horse is capable of any ordinary work without distress, and without showing the heaves. I have experience and observation for the past ten years as proof of the above.—*Country Gentleman.*

☞ Let your wits be your friend, your mind your companion, your tongue your servant.

EFFECT OF PUMPKIN SEEDS ON MILCH COWS.—A. Clary, of Conn., writes the N. E. Farmer in regard to this subject, as follows:

"First, I fed my cows one week with one large or two small pumpkins to each cow twice a day. Their milk decreased two or three quarts to each cow a day, from what they gave the first week previous. I then fed them one week with the same quantity of pumpkins as before, and took out the seeds. They increased in a greater proportion of milk than they decreased the week previous. I then fed them alternately, three or four weeks, and they varied in their milk very much as the first weeks."

The diuretic quality of pumpkin seeds is well known, and they will always prove injurious to animals if fed in large quantity. Fowls have sometimes eaten of them so largely as to produce death.

Useful Receipts.

ICE CREAM.—Take one quart of new milk, one pint of thick, sweet cream, three eggs—beat thoroughly—two tablespoons of extract of any kind you prefer—"vanilla," "lemon," or any other—some use the vanilla bean. Have the sugar powdered; add the sugar to the mixture in such a proportion as will make it sickishly sweet, as a part of it freezes out. Some put in a small quantity of arrowroot or corn starch, but that is unnecessary if you have good cream and plenty of eggs. Put the whole in a preserving kettle, with a vessel of hot water under to prevent it having a burnt taste; let it come to a scalding heat; then strain it into a freezer. Have ice pounded, (snow is better;) put a quart of coarse salt with two of snow or ice. Mix the snow and salt well together and press around the freezer. Stir with a wooden spoon until it commences freezing around the sides; then cover, and only stir it occasionally. Put a hot towel around it to take it out; dip the towel in hot water and it will slip from the freezer easily.—*Country Gentleman.*

FOR CHILBLAINS—THE BEST YET.—Immerse the feet in salt water as hot as can be borne. Have a kettle of boiling water by you, and gradually increase the temperature by pouring it in. The feet will become puffy and swollen. Keep the feet in for half an hour or longer, and then wipe dry, and go to bed, and it will be found that the soreness and inflammation have entirely subsided. Remember this—it is so simple and effectual.

Note.—Somebody says that water in which potatoes have been boiled, is good to use in this way for chilblains.—*Ohio Cultivator.*

YEAST FOR BREAD.—The following methods of making yeast for bread are both easy and expeditious:—Boil one pound of good flour, a quarter of a pound of brown sugar, and a little salt, in two gallons of water, for one hour; when milk-warm, bottle it, and cork it close; it will be fit for use in twenty-four hours. One pint of this will make eighteen pounds of bread.

ANOTHER WAY.—To a pound of mashed potatoes (mealy ones are best) add two ounces of brown sugar, and two spoonsfull of common yeast. The potatoes first to be passed through a colander, and mixed with warm water to a proper consistence. Thus a pound of potatoes will make a pound of good yeast. Keep it moderately warm while fermenting. No sugar is used by bakers when adding the pulp of potatoes to their rising.

RECIPE FOR MAKING GOOD BREAD.—A celebrated baker of excellent bread, having retired from business, has furnished the following recipe for making good bread, with a request that it should be published for the information of the public:—

"Take an earthen vessel, larger at the top than the bottom, and in it put one pint of milk-warm water, one and a half pounds of flour, and half a pint of malt yeast; mix them well together, and set it away (in winter it should be in a warm place,) until it rises and falls again, which will be in from three to five hours (it may be set at night if wanted in the morning;) then put two large spoonsfull of salt into two quarts of water, and mix it well with the above rising; then put in about nine pounds of flour and work your dough well, and set it by until it becomes light. Then make it out into loaves. New flour requires one-fourth more salt than old and dry flour. The water also should be tempered according to the weather; in spring and fall, it should only be milk-warm; in hot weather, cold; and in winter, warm."

The oven should be made hotter than necessary, and allowed to cool down after being cleared, so that a handful of flour thrown in will not burn, but turn a brown color. The loaves may be formed while trying the temperature of the oven, and be put in soon after. If the loaves are large, it will require a little more than an hour to bake them sufficiently.

LIQUID SILVER MINE.—Although not entirely new, yet not generally known, is the fact that the ocean contains an immense quantity of silver. At the last session of the Academy of Sciences, it was stated that experiments have demonstrated the waters of the Atlantic to contain about a grain troy of that metal to every 15,000 pounds of water. According to this computation, the waters of the ocean contain a much greater quantity of the precious metal than has ever yet been extracted from the bowels of the earth. The *savans* say its presence may be accounted for on two theories—it may either proceed from the emanations of chloride of silver, issuing from the bosom of the earth, or from the slow action which salt water exercises on the argentiferous sulphurets which crop out from the earth, both on the land and at the bottom of the ocean; at any rate, they are satisfied it is there, but as it costs now about ten times as much to extract it as it is worth, it is not probable that this immense placer of silver will entice away many of the oyster diggers, who have recently fallen so fortunately upon the big bed of bivalves on some portions of the water bed.

☞ The Chinese method of taking off boots is as follows:—They place the brogan in a vice, and apply a yoke to the neck, worked by a wheel, which only stops working when the boot or head comes off.

The Riddler.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 14 letters.
My 6, 13, 5, 9, 4, 5, is what ladies usually desire to be.
My 1, 13, 3, is the name of a fowl.
My 14, 11, 6, 7, 1, is a lady's name.
My 1, 11, 3, 3, 7, 1, is a lady's name.
My 6, 7, 12, 4, 8, is what none can do without.
My 14, 4, 6, 7, 8, 5, is the name of a candidate for the Presidency in 1860.
My 3, 2, 5, is a token of recognition.
My 3, 13, 9, is the nickname of a man.
My 10, 2, 3, 4, is a part of the formation of both man and beast.
My 1, 7, 12, is part of the apparel of man.
My 9, 11, 12, 4, 14, is the name of a fruit.
My whole is the name of a candidate for the Presidency in 1860.

Philadelphia. PETER.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 14 letters.
My 2, 1, 14, is an article of apparel.
My 8, 12, 7, is a number.
My 9, 3, 4, 10, is dear to every one.
My 11, 2, 6, 8, 5, is a color.
My 4, 1, 13, 8, is part of a ship.
My whole is sought by many.

FRANK FANE.

Willow Grove, Montgomery Co., Pa.

RIDDLE.

Ye mortals—wonder! I'm an elf,
A strange, mysterious thing;
More powerful than all the sprites
Within a magic ring.

I speak—although I have no tongue—
I speak, and thrill the soul;
I sing—and many a song I've sung
Resounds, while ages roll.

I am a weapon, strong and keen,
All made of glittering steel;
But human souls—not senseless flesh—
My sharp two edges feel.

The greatest writer e'er was born,—
But, ah!—a thievish elf;
For what I write is not, alas!
Original with myself.

I often take a cooling bath;
But, like the Ethiop's skin,
When I have bathed, I'm blacker still
Than when I did begin!

Most kind am I; I glad the heart
Of many a wretched wight,
And many a sufferer is by me
Transported with delight.

Most cruel I; I've pierced the soul
With cutting, burning darts;
I've dashed the fondest hopes to earth,
I've crushed the lightest hearts

Yet wise and powerful as I am,
A very slave am I;
I'm forced the mandates to obey
Of both the low and high.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is a name;
My last is an amusement.
My whole is the name of a county seat in Pennsylvania. G. F.

ENIGMA.

BY ALTON.

Five letters do compose my name,
Forward and backward read the same:
In music's charms I'm known to dwell,
Then who am I?—be pleased to tell.

MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A man in digging a well, exactly 6 feet in diameter, and 50 feet deep, came upon a log 20 feet below the surface of the earth, which lay exactly across the centre of this well, and measuring exactly 4 feet in diameter. How many cubical feet of the well did this log occupy?

Springfield, Ohio. W. K. GOUDY.

☞ An answer is requested.

GEOMETRICAL QUESTION.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

There is a certain large bowl whose hollow or capacity is in the shape of a semi-sphere; the diameter of this bowl, at its upper open end, is 36 inches. (Therefore the altitude in the middle, 18 inches.) Supposing there is water to the depth of 12 inches in the bottom of the bowl, what is the diameter of that ball, that if laid down in the bowl and water, will raise the water to 14 inches in the bowl?

AUGUSTUS.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ When may it be conjectured that an army has become sick of war? Ans.—When they throw up fortifications.

☞ Why is a bed-cover like a blister? Ans.—Because it's a counterpane (counter pain).

☞ Why is a person older than yourself like food for cattle? Ans.—Because he's past your age (pasturage).

☞ Why are poets like children's toys? Ans.—They're given to a muse (amuse), and indulge in fancy (infancy).

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

BIBLICAL ENIGMA—"*Jesus* said unto him, it is written again, thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God." MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA—Schiller's Centennial Birthday Celebration. MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA—Alexander Boteler. REBUS—Quail. (Quintillian, Upas, Australia, Illinois, London.) ANAGRAMS—New York, Potsdam, Hastings, Ogdensburg, Meadville, Elmira, Lewistown, Philipsburg, New Castle, Harmony, Belvidere, Reading. MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM—9.98 square rods. MATHEMATICAL QUESTION—286.3564213 perches.

☞ If thou wouldst bear thy neighbor's faults, cast thine eyes upon thine own.—*Molinos.*